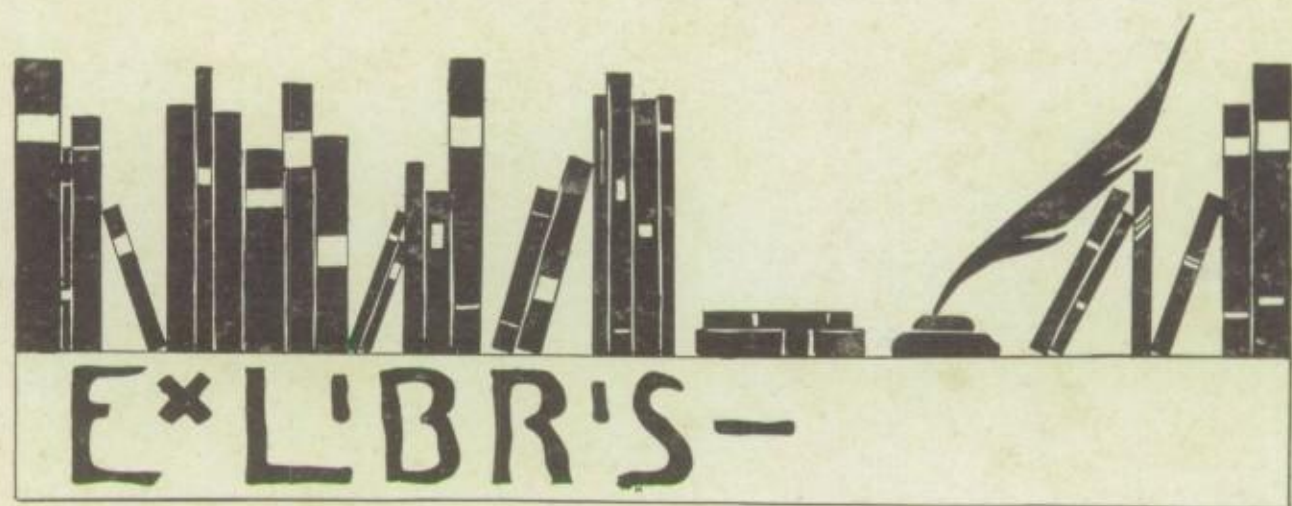


The
Grimson



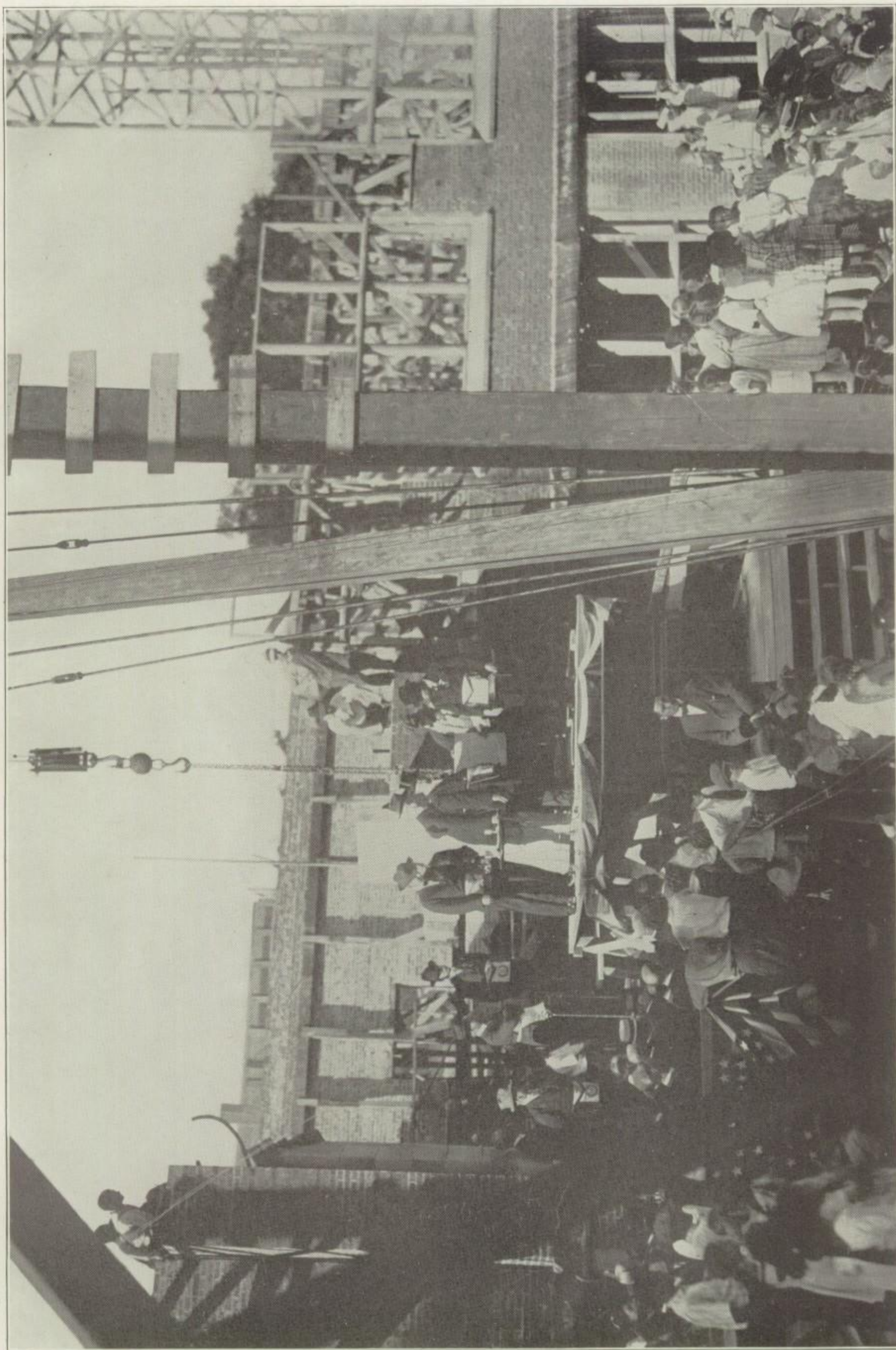
The Crimson J

Volume Eleven

Published by

The Senior Class

Jacksonville High School





B. F. SHAFER

Our principal and friend who has
done so much to make our senior
year a success.

Greetings



E, the members of the class of '21, wish to extend to all our friends, both in school and out, our sincere greetings and to thank you for the assistance which has so willingly been given us during our four years of High School life. We earnestly hope that the record which we are leaving behind will be a credit to old J. H. S., which is loved and respected by each of us, and that throughout our life we may bring honor to this school.



To
CLORAH CORZINE
and
JOHN BAIRD

In appreciation of their loyalty and untiring
efforts in our behalf during our High
School life, we, the Class of 1921,
respectfully dedicate this, the
eleventh volume of

The Crimson J.

The Staff

Who is the maid with all her might,
Who calmly sits up 'most the night,
To run our little annual right?
It's Carol.

Who's her assistant able and true,
Who often keeps Carol from being blue
By showing her how much work she can do?
That's Margaret.

Who sits 'mid papers to his chin,
Checks them over and runs them in—
Stories with plots both thick and thin?
Why—that's Albert!

And who's the girl so wond'rous smart,
With pen and pencil does her part
To give our annual some art?
That's Baker.

And who's the one that runs it o'er,
Transforms it into plates by the score,
And then puts forth a call for "more?"
That's Helen.

Who runs the jokes and makes his mark,
At giving back the living spark
To jokes that traveled on the ark?
Why—Richard!

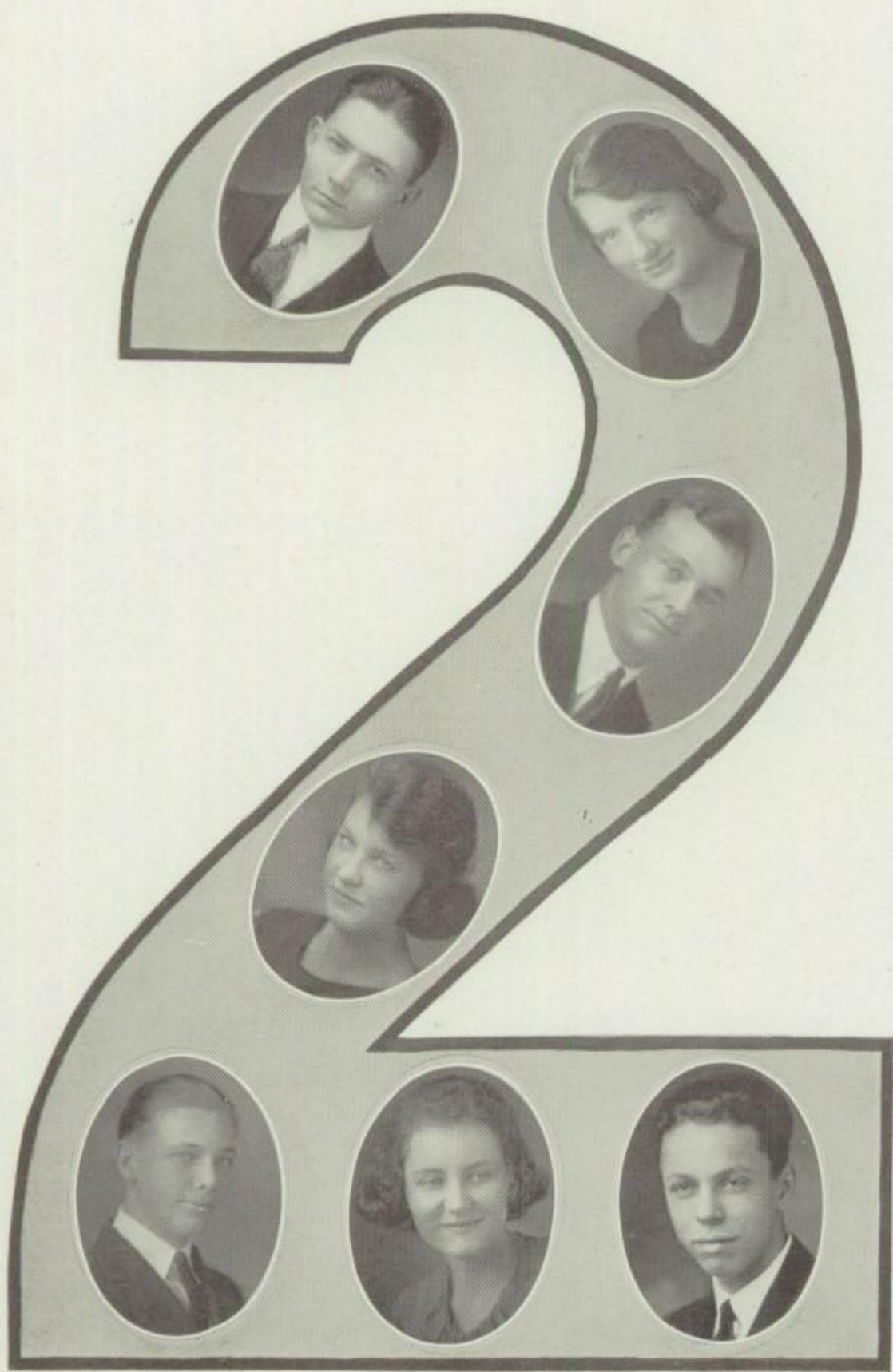
Who is the maid of many properties
Gives to us in many varieties
Accounts of all the societies?
It's Carter.

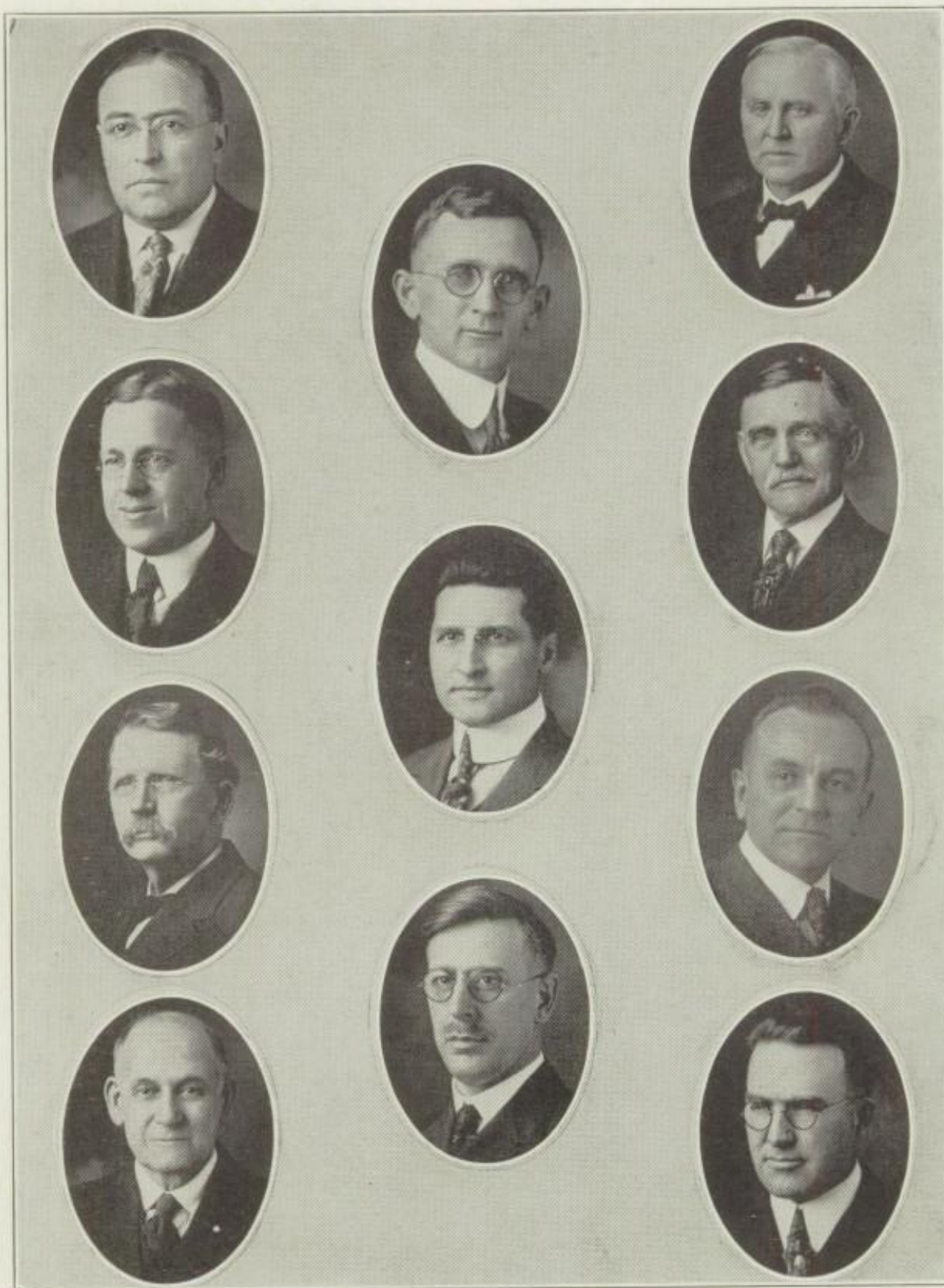
Who writes up all the "Athletic Stuff?"
To say "well done" is not enough—
For it's a job even he can't bluff—
Old Sandy.

Who pesters us around the halls,
And whene'er he sees us loudly calls—
"Pay for your annuals, one and all!"
That's Howard.

Who takes the cash from business "Jills"
Quite quietly the treasury fills,
Then spends it paying up the bills?
O—Gene!

Who is our bright and shining light—
Holds assistant manager's job down tight?
At getting ads he is all right—
Is Nellis.





Board of Education

HENRY MUEHLHAUSEN

DR. CARL E. BLACK

C. A. FIEDLER

ALBERT C. METCALF

GEORGE S. ROGERSON

H. AMBROSE PERRIN

Superintendent of Schools

JULIAN P. LIPPINCOTT

THOMAS HOPPER

President

DR. W. P. DUNCAN

THOMAS H. RAPP

H. L. CALDWELL

Faculty

The Crimson J '21



Ella M. Newman.....	Domestic Science.....	Eats maintain nations
Julia E. Tilton.....	French.....	"Jolie et tranquille"
Emma Mae Leonhard.....	English.....	Ever most loyal
Clorah Corzine.....	Commercial.....	Cheery countenance
Bessie F. Soyer.....	Botany, Zoology.....	Bestows friendly smiles
John Baird.....	Commercial.....	Jolly boy
M. Cordelia Randolph.....	History, Physical Culture.....	Merry, clever, radiant



M. Bea Ellis.....	Stenography-Typewriting.....	Merry, brown eyes
Eva L. Rossiter.....	Mathematics.....	Ever likes right-angles
M. Genevieve Gregory.....	English.....	Merry, good girl
Josephine Ross.....	Domestic Art.....	Just right
Albertine E. Metzner.....	Physics, Physiography.....	After Edison—Metzner
John L. Mitchell.....	Mathematics, Athletics.....	Just, loyal, matchless
Helen K. Struck.....	English.....	Honest, kind, sincere

The Crimson J '21



Sophronia M. Kent.....	Latin.....	Sunny, mild, kind
Elizabeth Russel.....	English.....	Earnest, respected
R. B. Newhouser.....	Manual Art.....	Rather boisterous—never
Helen L. Cafky.....	History, Civics.....	Honest, loyal, conscientious
Harriet Siebert.....	Art.....	Happy, sedate
Truman P. Carter.....	Chemistry, Agriculture.....	Truthful, pleasant character
Leanna M. Hopper.....	Music.....	Lends music harmony

The Faculty

SHAFFER

He stands for discipline and unflinchingly stands unmoved before the storms that rise and blow. The spirit of militarism. He is a man of both actions and words.

MITCHELL

The guiding genius of our athletic success. Solid he stands unmoved in either victory or defeat.

CAFKY

Like a majestic snow-capped mountain she appears, probing the ethereal heights, tall and straight, always pointing to higher things.

She neither withers nor blooms, but seems eternal.

Dark, mysterious caverns, her eyes, with lustrous pools of warmest brown, so magnetic and forceful.

And over all that atmosphere of patient serenity.

RUSSEL

The spirit of the Elizabethan Age, humor and good will. Her bubbling spirit helps all who come in contact with her, and her class rooms are places of interest and entertainment.

CARTER

The spirit of alchemy. Patient and good-natured, he is liked by all. A likeness of Faraday. Old enough to have gained wisdom but with the fire of youth still strong in his veins.

LEONHARD

The spirit of loyalty. True she stands to school work, debates, students and friends alike. Her very step in the halls shows her spirit and loyalty.

KENT

"Oh, the friend we love is a friend indeed,
Who's ever true in the hour of need."

The Crimson J '21

MR. BAIRD

There's a person in our faculty,
Who is quite a ladies' man.
To get himself in well with them
He will do whate'er he can.

Tho generally so modest,
He's been acting up of late.
I think he's trying to find himself
A charming little mate.

For the other day in assembly,
He walked up to Misses G. and M.,
And smiling most engagingly,
He began to talk to them.

He talked and smiled and even winked
To the ladies so fair,
And Mr. Shafer from his desk
Saw him and pulled his hair.

Then Mr. Baird grew very red
And dropped his head most shamefully.
But since that day he's been quite cross
And treats his classes disdainfully.

Now what do you think is the matter?
Oh, why does he act so queer?
Since that tragic day in assembly
When he winked at the ladies so dear.

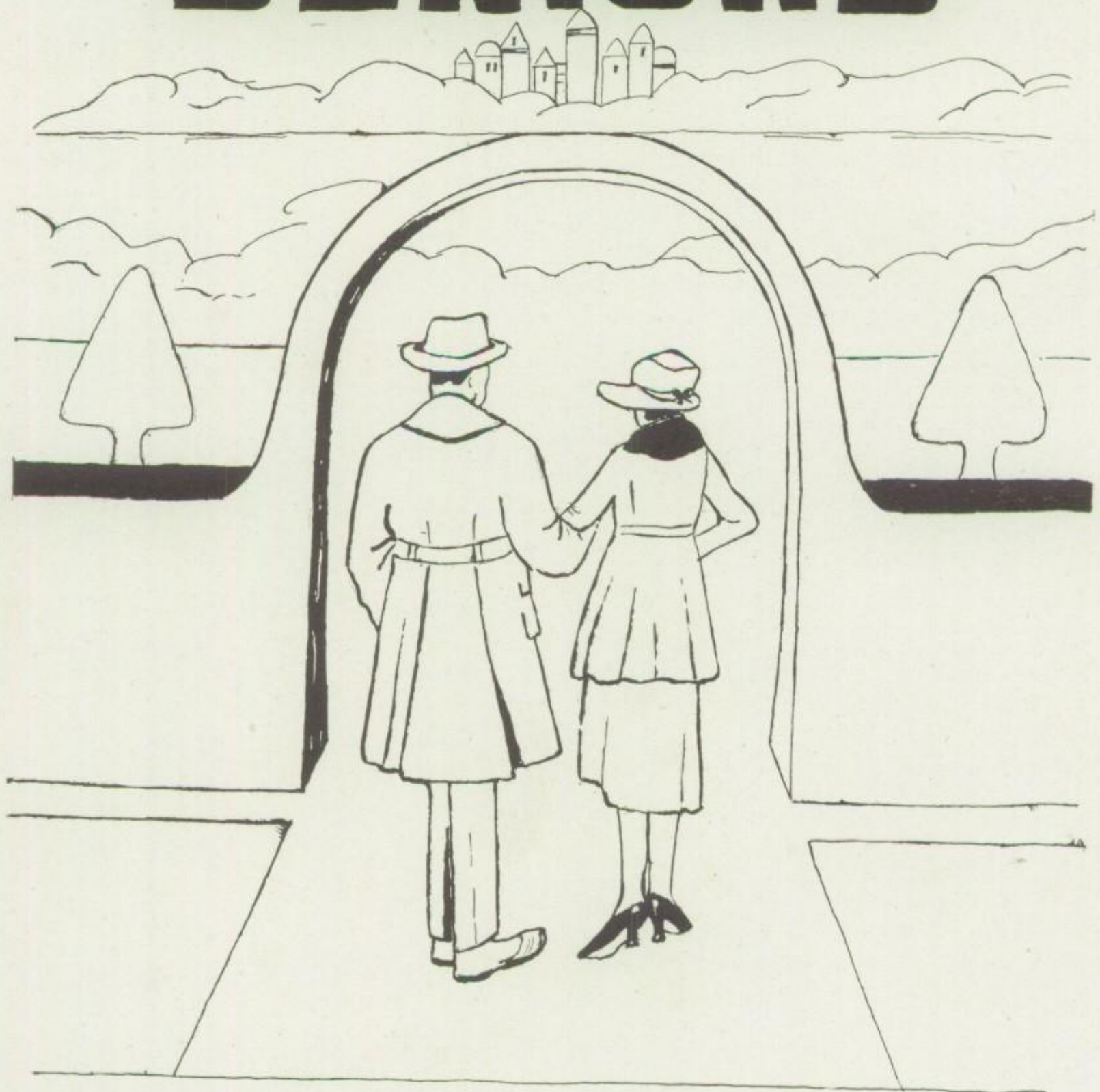
I've tried to solve the solution,
But all I've found was that
He grew very red and angry
When asked, "Why the new hat?"

Oh, Mr. Baird, heed my advice
And leave the ladies alone,
Because if you don't, they'll get you, I know,
And think how the school would groan.

E. F. '21

"For their eyes are upon their ways."—THE FACULTY

SENIORS





PAUL GARD

Hi-Y Club, '20, '21; Secretary of Hi-Y Club, '21; Basket Ball, '20, '21; Foot Ball, '20, '21; Captain of Foot Ball Team, '21; President of Athletic Association, '21.

*"Many things can this young man do;
Very good in athletics and class room, too."*

GLADYS MILDRED RUYLE

Centennial Club, '18; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '21.

"Of study took she most care and most heed."

THELMA PIRES

Centennial Club, '18; Debating Team, '20, '21; Debating Society, '20, '21; Dramatic Club, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '21.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

DOROTHY WALLS

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"I'm sure care is an enemy of life."

EUGENIA WOODMAN

"Sylvia," '20; Chorus, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"Her life has been a series of anecdotes with a different hero in each one."

CARL SANDBERG

Minstrels, '18, '21; Foot Ball, '20; Track, '20; Cheer Leader, '20, '21; Secretary of Athletic Association, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

"Friendly to all, he bears no grudges."

JAMES PHILLIPS

North Side Denver High School, '20; Min-
strel, '21; Athletic Association.

*"The world knows nothing of its greatest
men."*

CATHERINE ALEXANDER

Dramatic Club, '20, '21; President of Dra-
matic Club, '21; "Sylvia," '20; Chorus, '19,
'20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"She smiles on many just for fun."

RUTH WEBER

Left the class.

KATHRYN LUDWIG

Athletic Association, '21.

*"Though she's not a cut-up, she's a loyal
Senior."*

MARGARET CAMM

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; Cho-
rus, '18; Art, '18, '19; Dramatic Club, '20, '21.

"We would not want her otherwise."

PALMER SCHIELLE

"Sylvia," '20; "Oh! Oh! Captain," '20;
Chorus, '20, '21; Glee Club, '21; Athletic As-
sociation, '18, '19, '20, '21; Bus ness Manager
of The Exhaust, '21.

*"Sometimes seen, but seldom heard—except
by Ruth."*





OTIS SMITH

Concord High School, '18; Minstrel, '21;
Athletic Association, '21.

"For every 'why' he had a 'wherefore.'"

CHARLOTTE HULL

Chorus, '18, '21; Class Secretary, '21; Min-
strel, '21; Dramatic Club, '21; Glee Club, '21;
Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"A very nice girl, we like her well;
We never could her virtues tell."*

DOROTHEA MILLS

Athletic Association, '21.

"Man delights not me."

HELEN DECKER

Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"A maiden possessed of quiet demureness."

GRACE JOHNSON

Athletic Association, '19, '20, '21.

*"Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly
'grace.'"*

ROSCOE MAWSON

Archie High School, Mo., '17, '19, '20;
Basket Ball, '17, '19, '20, '21; Track, '17, '19,
'20; Athletic Association, '17, '19, '20, '21.

*"Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters."*

HARLAND MOSES

Orchestra, '18, '19, '20, '21; Chorus, '20, '21; Minstrel, '21.

*"A boy you would be very glad to know;
He makes good music with fiddle and bow."*

ALBERTA BLACK

Athletic Association, '18, '21.

*"Then she grew proud in horsemanship to
excel."*

JULIA WILLIAMSON

Athletic Association, '18, '21.

*"Oft on the dappled turf, at ease,
I sit and play with similes."*

EMMA FRANCES

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Not so very small, but tall;
She's fair and sweet and liked by all."*

LILLIAN SARDINHA

Chorus, '17, '18, '19.

*"The mildest manners and the gentlest
heart."*

ALBERT HICKOX

German Club, '17, '18; Hi-Y Club, '20, '21; Debating Team, '21; Athletic Association, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21; Debating Society, '21; Exhaust Staff, '21.

*"Him for the studious shade kind nature
formed."*





GENE DARR

Zeta Gethian, '18; Centennial Club, '18; Chorus, '18; "Sylvia," '20; Class President, '18, '19; Hi-Y Club, '18, '19, '20; Student Council, '19; Debating Society, '21; Minstrel, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

EUNICE HAERLE

Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21; Class Secretary, '19, '20; "Sylvia," '20; Quartet, '20; Dramatic Club, '21; Minstrel, '21; Glee Club, '21; Student Council, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"As merry as the day is long."

LETA RHODES

Pittsfield High School, '18, '19, '20; Class President, '18; Literary Society, '19; Girls' Chorus, '20; Class Play, '20; Athletic Association, '21.

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

ALICE CARTER

Centennial Club, '18; Chorus, '20, '21; Glee Club, '21; "Sylvia," '20; Minstrel, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

"Her very step doth show her independent nature."

HELEN ROSE

German Club, '18; Centennial Club, '18; Debating Team, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21; Debating Society, '21; Art, '18, '19, '20.

"Always willing and ready."

ROBERT FURRY

Debating Society, '20, '21; President of Debating Society, '21; Debating Team, '20, '21; President of Hi-Y Club, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and down-right honest man."*

HENRY STRUCK

Foot Ball, '20, '21; Basket Ball, '19, '20, '21; Track, '20; Minstrel, '21; Hi-Y Club, '19; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"Good looks make a good letter of introduction."

MARION GALLEY

Athletic Association, '20, '21.

"She must like books—she surely must."

MARGARET HEATON

Class Vice President, '20; Dramatic Club, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

*"All that's generous, all that's kind,
Friendship, virtue, every grace
Pictures in this happy face."*

CAROLINE LANDER

Class Nautilus Editor, '18; Centennial Club, '18; Dramatic Club, '20, '21; Student Council, '20; Class Vice President, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

*"Here's to the girl with the heart and a smile,
Who makes this bubble of life worth while."*

HELEN BAKER

"Windmills of Holland," '18; Chorus, '18, '19; Art, '18, '19, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

*"Though she loves the colors of varied sheen,
We find her favorite still is the "Green."*

HAROLD COCKIN

Foot Ball, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; Hi-Y Club, '20, '21.

*"A mightier and more faithful athlete is yet
among the vast unknown."*





FRANK COHEN

Class President, '20, '21; Student Council, '20, '21; Debating Society, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
O, grant me honest fame or grant me none."*

DOROTHY DODSWORTH

Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21; Minstrel, '21; Athletic Association, '19, '20, '21.

"The bright side she always sees."

IRENE GUSTAFSON

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned."*

GLADYS WINTLER

Chorus, '18; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"Whatever she did was done well."

GRACYE ALICE REXROAT

Concord High School, '17, '18; Basket Ball, '17, '18; B. H. Club, '17; Chorus, '21; Athletic Association, '21.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

NELLIS SANDERS

Foot Ball, '20, '21; Minstrel, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

"He likes work when it is far away."

FRANCIS REYNOLDS

Foot Ball, '19, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."*

GLADYS NUNES

Chorus, '20; Athletic Association, '18, '20, '21.

*"It more becomes a woman to be silent than
to talk."*

FLORENCE DOROTHY OLSEN

Greenwood High School, Mo., '17, '18, '19;
Basket Ball, '17, '18; Class President, '19; Ath-
letic Association, '21.

*"One who says little but takes in every-
thing."*

GARNEDA PHELPS

Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21; Glee Club, '21;
Dramatic Club, '20, '21; Debating Society, '21;
Minstrels, '21; Declamation Contest, '20; Ath-
letic Association, '19, '20, '21.

*"A happier maid you'll never see,
For many and many a smile has she."*

HELEN FERREIRA

Chorus, '20; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20.

*"On all her days let health and peace attend;
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend."*

WARREN HOAGLAND

Centennial Club, '18; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20; Orchestra, '21.

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."*





HOWARD NICOL

Murrayville High School, '18; Hi-Y Club, '19, '20, '21; Debating Society, '20, '21; Debating Team, '20, '21; Critic of Debating Society, '21; Exhaust Staff, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

*"For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as a dozen."*

DORIS LINDEMAN

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '21.

"Always doing her very best."

VIVIAN VIEIRA

Athletic Association, '21.

*"She's small, you'll have to admit;
But a Senior who never says quit."*

RUTH REYNOLDS

Chorus, '19, '20, '21; Quartet, '20; "Sylvia," '20; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"There never was a minute
That Harold wasn't in it."*

PAULINE HANKINS

Chorus, '19, '20; Minstrel, '21.

*"Whatever her hand findeth to do
She doeth w'ith all her might."*

FRANK DOUGLAS

Track, '19, '20.

*"There have been but three Douglasses—
Stephen A., William and I."*

EDWARD ALEXANDER

Missouri Military Academy, '19; Lake Forest Academy, '20; Centennial Club, '18; Student Manager of Athletic Association, '21; Chorus, '21; Foot Ball, '21; Basket Ball, '21; News Editor of Exhaust, '21.

*"Ambition hired him as a tool
To peddle noise about the school."*

RUTH BRADLEY

Class Treasurer, '19; Minstrels, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20.

"Good nature is a crowning virtue."

HELEN MADDOX

Left class.

ALLIE LEAKE

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"The girls might flout and scout me,
But the boys would hang about me."*

REBECCA WINGLER

*"Patience is a plant that grows not in all
gardens."*

LELAND PERBIX

German Club, '18; Class Treasurer, '20, '21; Track, '20; Foot Ball, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,
Save making hay in fine weather."*





JAMES WOOD

Minstrel, '21; Basket Ball, '20, '21; Captain of Basket Ball Team, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

HELEN CLARK

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"Quiet about it, but cunning."

FLORENCE BLIMLING

Concord High School, '17, '18; B. H. Club, '17; Athletic Association, '21.

"Smiles make the world go around, so I boost all I can."

CLARA SMITH

Centennial Club, '18; "Windmills of Holland," '18; Minstrel, '18; Class Vice President, '18; "Sylvia," '20; W. I. H. S. Intellectual Contest, Piano and Quartet, '20; Interscholastic Contest, Piano, '20; Glee Club, '21; Quartet, '20; Debating Society, '21; Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21; Dramatic Club, '18, '19, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

"Her accomplishments speak for her."

ROBERTINE DEFREITAS

Athletic Association, '20, '21.

"Faithfulness and sincerity are her first principles."

KENNETH BARTON

Minstrel, '21; Debating Society, '21; Debating Team, '21; Class Editor of Exhaust, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21.

*"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining."*

OLLIE PARKER

"Sylvia," '20; Chorus, '18, '19, '20, '21;
Treasurer of Chorus, '20, '21; Minstrels, '21;
Glee Club, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '19,
'20, '21.

*"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."*

ELLEN CRUZAN

Chorus, '19, '20; Ath'etic Association, '18.

*"When she has to make the best of anything,
She makes the very best."*

ANTOINETTE LUDWIG

Athletic Association, '21.

*"She isn't much for noise and splendor,
But it doesn't take them to be a good Senior."*

ERNEST BRAY

Foot Ball, '19, '20, '21; Hi-Y Club, '21;
Treasurer of Hi-Y Club, '21; Athletic Association, '20, '21.

"Life without sports is not life."

ALICE LARIMORE

Searcy High School, '18; Class Secretary,
'18; Secretary of Brundige Literary Society,
'18; Greenfield High School, '19, '20; Philo-
mathian Society, '19, '20; Class Vice Presi-
dent, '20.

"Thoughts work in silence, so does virtue."

OTHELLO YECK

Lelt class.





RICHARD HYER

Athletic Association, '18, '19, '20, '21; Editor-in-Chief of Exhaust, '21; "Crimson J" Staff, '21.

*"Full well they laughed with counterfeited
glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he." ..*

DOROTHY FARRELL

Chorus, '20, '21; Dramatic Club, '20, '21; Athletic Association, '18, '20, '21.

*"Like a circle ending never,
Does her talk flow on forever."*

RUTH PATTERSON

Athletic Association, '21.

"There is no substitute for ardent and sincere earnestness."

Here's to Jacksonville High,
Dear old school of ours,
Where we have all spent
Many happy hours!
Keep her banner flying, ever on high.
J. H. S.'s honor
Rises to the sky!



Senior Class Chronicle

CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	FRANK COHEN
<i>Vice President</i>	CAROL LANDER
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLOTTE HULL
<i>Treasurer</i>	LELAND PERBIX

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

Anno 1918



HIS year brought into the hall of learning some one hundred children with minds eager to drink in all the school could offer. We were green as most Freshmen, but it did not take long to organize under the leadership of Mr. Callihan. As was then the custom, each class had two advisors. We chose Miss Calkins and Mr. Baird because we thought they were best able to keep account of all our business. Our officers were the best ever: Eugene Darr was president; Clara Smith, vice president; Eunice Haerle, secretary, and Thomas O'Brien, treasurer.

The end of the first semester proved that we knew a little something and as a result some of us were honored by being taken into the various organizations, which were: the German, Club, Kappa Gamma, Zetagathian, Chorus, and Dramatic Club. My, but we were proud of the people who "made them!"

But alas! What good did it do to belong, for when our beloved building burned and we moved into our sister school, David Prince, we had no time for literary societies in school hours and after supper meetings were expensive to the school.

"Oh, for something new."—SENIORS.

The Crimson J '21

The High School was called upon to share in the different Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives, and we did our little bit as did our fellow classes.

The year ended with slightly diminished forces, as some felt that High School life was too strenuous for them.

Anno 1919

Upon entering this year, we felt a little more important than we had the year before, but yet we were looked down upon by the upper classmen.

In selecting officers, we re-elected Eugene Darr, president, and Eunice Haerle, secretary. We added to the force, Othello Yeck, vice president, and Ruth Bradley, treasurer. Miss Calkins having departed, we chose Miss Corzine to be her successor.

Because of our saving to do our bit and because school was closed about two months on account of the "flu," we again did not have a class party. But we are none the worse for not having it.

Anno 1920

Another year rolled around and now we could take our spite out on the Sophs and Freshies in the same manner as the upperclassmen had formerly so ridiculed and abused us.

We again elected Eugene Darr, president, and Eunice Haerle, secretary. Two new officers were Margaret Heaton, vice president, and Leland Perbix, treasurer. It was not long, however, until 'Gene declared his intention of leaving our school and taking up his duties in St. Louis. After his departure, we elected Frank Cohen to fill the vacancy.

At last! The long-looked-for class party took place. It was held in a woods west of J'ville. Not having enough hayracks to accommodate all, we went out in cars. The evening was enjoyed by all, not only because of the good time we had but also because it was the first class party that we had ever had.

We were well represented in the Tri-City Debate, and showed that we equaled if not excelled the wise Seniors in knowledge. Because of our strength J'ville won and received temporary possession of the cup. On the teams were Thelma Pires, Robert Furry, Howard Nicol, and Charles Keep—all from our class.

Next in the course of events came the much looked for Prom by both Juniors and Seniors. The banquet was served at the Christian Church and later a dance was given by Ollie Parker and Frank Corrington, to which the members of both classes were invited.

The Western Illinois Track Meet was not held during the war but was resumed this year. Together with it was added an intellectual contest which in-

The Crimson J '21

cluded voice, quartette, piano, violin, declamation, and oration. The Juniors were again well represented. We had three members in the quartette, one in piano, and one in declamation. The quartette and piano contestants won first prize. The quartette won for its school a cup. Although we did not rank first in declamation, we were near the first.

An Interscholastic meet was held and the Juniors represented our school in piano and declamation, ranking third in both.

The end of the year came, bringing with it the thought that we would be the much looked up to Seniors of the next fall.

Anno 1921

At the opening of school we all felt very dignified and very much above our fellow-classmates in the way of knowledge.

The first thing to do was to select officers. Frank Cohen was elected president; Carol Lander, vice president; Charlotte Hull, secretary; and Leland Perbix, treasurer.

The next important thing was the selecting of our class ring. This was left to a committee, who very successfully fulfilled its duty.

The Dramatic Club came to life and took in a great number of new members, a number of which were Seniors.

In the Tri-City Debate all the debaters were Seniors except two. The Seniors were: Howard Nicol, Kenneth Barton, Albert Hickox, Helen Rose, Thelma Pires, and Robert Furry.

Along came the Junior-Senior Prom. How self-important the Juniors looked, strutting up and down the halls, through Study Hall, and whispering to each other about the Prom. The banquet was given at the Peacock Inn and a dance was held afterwards.

As we pass by the new J. H. S. building it is with a feeling of regret that we did not get to have all of our school days in a real high school building instead of a substitute building. And now as we pass out of these halls of learning, we hope that we have left a lasting impression on the members of the faculty and of the student body. We truly are sorry to leave old J. H. S. and we hope that our fellow-classmen will follow our example in giving their best to the school in order to keep it the best and only school around.

"Greatness is our aim."—SENIORS.

Senior Class Alphabet

A stands for Alexander—
'Tis Ed that I mean.
He takes part in athletics
And other things between.

B is for Barton,
Who knows how to debate;
Also Alberta Black
Who rides quite in state.

B again stands for Blimling,
A merry, smiling lass;
And a girl named Bradley,
Thought by Schiele the best in the class.

C stands for Carter,
A daughter of T. P.;
And also for Cockin,
An athlete you'd like to see.

C then stands for Cruzan,
A girl sincere and sweet;
And Camm from Franklin,
Whom we were glad to meet.

D is for De Freitas,
A nice, pleasant brunette;
Also Dorothy Dodsworth,
Never known to fret.

D again stands for Douglass
Who can argue and run;
And for Dick, our Joke Editor,
Who knows many a pun.

E stands for Ernest,
Who can play foot ball;
And also Emma Francis,
A girl both fair and tall.

F is for Furry,
Who from Merrit did come;
Also for Farrell,
Who thinks boys are much fun.

G begins Galley;
She works with books more and more;
And Gard, our guard
In field and on floor.

H stands for Hankins,
A very nice blonde;
And Haerle, a merry lass,
Of whom we're all fond.

H is also for Hickox,
An industrious young man;
And Hoagland, who must have laughed
Since first his life began.

H begins Hull, too,
A girl liked by all;
Heaton, with brown eyes;
Harland, musical and small.

H also stands for the Helens
Of whom we have six;
Some take art, and some that don't,
Can paint and powder mix.

I stands for Irene,
A quiet, happy girl.

J is for Johnson.
Whose smiles go in a whirl.

K is what we call Catherine,
The girl with sparkling eyes;
She has a vast amount of pep,
As all around she hies.

L is for Lander,
Editor-in-Chief of our "J";
Leake, who is usually talking;
Lindeman, without much to say.

L also stands for Lillian—
Her value we never could tell;
The Ludwig sisters, two of them;
Larimore we like very well.

M is for Mills,
A loyal Senior lass;
And Mawson, from Missouri,
This year entered our class.

N begins Nicol—
He's always acting silly;
And Nunes, a girl,
Neither silly nor frilly.

O stands for Olson—
She makes a good chum;
And Otis—I'm afraid
That he argues just for fun.

The Crimson J '21

P is for Phelps,
A merry, smiling lass;
And Perbix and Phillips,
Their like found only in our class.

P then begins Parker,
Who knows how to bluff;
And Patterson, we all agree,
Is quite good enough.

P is also for our Presidents,
Of whom we've had two;
Their names were Gene and Frank
And very well did they do.

Q stands for Questions
We asked when we were Freshmen;
Now we think we can answer
When other people ask them.

R is for Ruth—
I'm sure she uses paint;
And Reynolds is quiet,
Yet not quite a saint.

R also stands for Rexroat,
This blonde from Concord came;
And Rhodes, a fair lass from Pittsfield;
Ruyle, who always plays the game.

S begins Schiele,
He's quite fond of Ruth B.;
As for "Struckie" and "Sandy"—
They're good looking, we agree.

S is also for "Smithy,"
A friendly, busy girl;
And Sanders, always laughing,
He, too, the bluff can hurl.

T stands for Thelma,
The girl with black hair;
Her hobby is getting "E's"
And debating—I declare.

U we'll let for our loyalty
To old J. H. S., if we may;
We hope we've held her standards high;
May she always live, we say.

V stands for Vieira,
Who is loyal, though small;

W for Walls,
Who attends many a ball.
W also for Williamson,
Who writes better verses than these;
And Wintler and Winger,
Both try hard to please.
W again stands for Woodman,
Who wears many a curl;
And Wood right into the basket
The big round ball does hurl.

X is for "Xceptions";
You'll find many in our class.
Some "xceptionally" smart,
Some the other way—alas!

Y is for Yeckie,
Whom you all know;
He goes to sleep in Study Hall,
Because things are so slow,

Z we'll let represent the future
Of this extraordinary class;
We hope 'twill be a successful one,
Though we're loath to have these four years pass.

MARGARET E. HEATON

Senior Class Prophecy



It was a warm day in the early spring when the traveling demonstrator for a well-known school of penmanship walked into the main hall of a newly founded but thriving little business college in a western city.

Depositing her valise on the clean, white tiles of the floor she heaved a sigh of relief and glanced at the name freshly painted in big gold and black letters on the office door.

"What, it can't be!" she exclaimed in surprise, and rubbing her sparkling eyes, glanced again at the door. But it was; there before her eyes were the words, "Mr. John Baird, Principal."

Well, truth is stranger than fiction and this truth was no exception. The last time she had seen Mr. Baird was when they were both teaching in the old Jacksonville High School. When the class of '21, of which they were advisors, was forced to leave because they were beginning to show more intelligence than some of the teachers, Mr. Baird and Miss Corzine, rather than take a less worthy class under their wings, decided that it would be better to find jobs elsewhere. Miss Corzine had immediately taken a position with the Palmer Method Company, but Mr. Baird had apparently passed out of her life. That she should find him so unexpectedly was indeed a surprise.

Somewhat resuming her calmness she knocked on the door and a familiar voice bade her to "come in." She opened the door.

There behind his desk with the usual litter of paper and piles of books was Mr. Baird. Recognizing his visitor, he jumped to his feet with all the alacrity and agility of a young gazelle and rushed toward her with outstretched hand.

"Well, of all the people on the earth!" he exclaimed. "It's been a long time since we last saw each other."

"It certainly has. But have you heard of any of our former proteges lately?"

"Yes, 'Gene Darr went thru town yesterday with his retinue of politicians, and Frank Cohen is proving his worth in Congress."

"I was lucky enough to get a copy of Albert Hickox's latest book. It contains a number of familiar characters, among whom are Margaret Camm as a society favorite; Carl Sandberg is the death-defying hero; Jack Yeck is the villain, and Eugenia Woodman is the ingenue. Would you like to read it, Mr. Baird?"

"No, thanks. My wife has forbidden my reading fiction. She says it makes me wild."

"Last week I had the pleasure of seeing filmdom's most famous he-vamp, Leland Perbix. He was supported by Helen Maddox and a bevy of beauties including Gracye Rexroat and Grace Johnson."

"Yes, and the vaudeville posters are certainly bringing Allie Leake into prominence; and what would grand opera do without Eunice Haerle and Ruth Reynolds?"

"I was somewhat startled yesterday upon noticing in the paper an article which stated that Alice Larimore had started a mission school in China."

"Speaking of schools; Frank Douglass is a second Booker T. Washington."

"Do you know what has become of Ellen Cruzan, or Ruth Patterson, or Marion Galley?"

"Well, Ellen is managing the world famous Cruzan nurseries, and Ruth married a rich farmer and went to live near Pisgah, while Marion is chief librarian in a Chicago library."

"Ed Alexander is Wall Street's richest millionaire since Rockefeller."

"Yes, and Katherine is attempting to get her second divorce now. She's having a hard time to find the right man."

"Of course, it isn't necessary to say what became of Palmer Schiele and Ruth Bradley."

"Garneda Phelps is scheduled as a famous impersonator on this summer's Chautauqua program."

"There was a lengthy article in the paper last week about the famous violinist, Harland Moses and his accompanist, Clara Smith. Perhaps it was rather exaggerated, however, since it was written by the editor, who was none other than Richard Hyer."

"Weren't you surprised at the wonderful success of the Yale foot ball team last season?"

"No, not in the least. Paul Gard coached them, you know."

"Roscoe Mawson is the coach in his home town, too."

"I can scarcely believe that Helen Ferriera is hailed as Pavlowa's greatest successor."

"Neither can I; but stranger things have happened. Take for instance, the marriage of Robert Furry and Helen Rose, or that wonderful book on debating, by Howard Nicol."

"I went into a drug store yesterday and found that James Phillips and Otis Smith were the joint proprietors, and you may imagine my surprise when I overheard a clerk take an order from Dr. Francis Reynolds."

"Yes, it is astonishing. But had you heard of the remarkable success of Antoinette Ludwig and Irene Gustafson as stenogs?"

"And to think of Carol Lander as a matron of a seminary is almost as strange as the marvelous radio inventions of Ernest Bray."

"Gladys Nunes and Katherine Ludwig are well known teachers, but when I think of Alberta Black as leading equestrienne with a great circus I am almost dumbfounded."

"But who would believe that Emma Francis would ever become famous and rich posing for photographs to advertise the dental arts?"

"One must believe almost anything nowadays, even when we hear of Dorothy Farrell as a social worker and Helen Decker and Robertine DeFreitas as Red Cross nurses."

"Don't Hoagland's cartoons in the Sunday supplements amuse one, tho?"

"Yes, I saw one the other day which reminded me of the wedding of Harold Cockin and Miss Soyer."

"Did you know that Alice Carter was running an orphan asylum?"

"Yes. And Helen Clark is a very fashionable modiste."

"Dorothy Dodsworth and Doris Lindeman have both settled down with their families."

"Yes, but Leta Rhodes, with all her beauty is still an old maid."

"Well, so is Gladys Ruyle, but Margaret Camm was not long in taking the vow."

"And the Sleeping sickness finally got Henry Struck, poor boy."

"What became of Lillain Sardinha?"

"Oh, she went back to Hawaii to teach school."

"She did! And Julia Williamson is a recognized authority when it comes to poetry."

"Do you know where I can get some good, sweet oranges?"

"Yes, at Barton's grocery store on the square. Have you ever taken a trip in Florence Blimling's transcontinental flying machine?"

"No. But I had the chance to watch Vivian Vieira transcribe one of President Parker's speeches."

"Helen Baker's paintings have won much acclaim at the Chicago Art Institute."

"So I hear. But that doesn't surprise me as much as the fact that Dorothea Mills is a leading lady in one of the latest stage comedies!"

"They say that a second Portia is known in the juvenile court by the name of Thelma Pires."

"And Margaret Heaton is an English professor in the Smithsonian Institute now."

"Really! But Pauline Hankins is married, I think; and Charlotte Hull is very prominent in social life."

"Did Gladys Wintler really go to France?"

"Yes, she is helping in the reconstruction work over there."

"And the most up to date farm in Illinois is run by Rebecca Wingler."

"Have you heard anything of James Wood, lately?"

"Yes, he is a very successful lawyer in his home town."

"And Florence Olson has gone to teach the Africans how to chew gum."

"Well, I must catch this next car to town. Good bye, Mr. Baird. It is strange how fate handles us."

"Yes, very strange. If you have the time to-night we might go to Nellis Sander's movie palace—if I can elude the wife. Good bye."

And the door closed upon the little office.

"What we lack in quantity, we make up in quality."—SENIORS.

Class Poem

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a wonderful class—the best for years.
In nineteen hundred and seventeen
We entered this school, which is fit for a queen.

As Freshmen we were not so green,
And often made those Seniors seem
Like folks you've seen who think they're it
Until they're taken down a bit.

When Sophomores we next did come,
Things surely happened with a hum.
The teachers said and sadly smiled,
“Oh, they'll get over it after a while.”

Then when the year did glide away,
And Junior-ship came next our way,
We put away our childish pranks,
Became the wisest in the ranks.

We gave the Seniors such a prom,
They said we'd bankrupt some good farm.
But ne'ertheless they liked the eats
And said, “That class just can't be beat.”

But now has come the year of years
When we have reached that coveted goal.
A few short hours and all is o'er
And we shall drift to another shore.

For four long years we've toiled together,
But now the time for worse or better
Has come, when we must say good-bye,
Away from High School soon we fly.

Farewell, farewell, oh, J. H. S.,
We know you're made of the very best;
And mem'ries fond of you we'll keep
Until we go to that long, long sleep.

EMMA FRANCIS

Class Will

We, the members of the Class of 1921, being sound of mind, and excellent of judgment, before leaving this temple of wisdom do make and solemnly declare this to be our last will and testament.

ARTICLE I

Bequests to the Faculty

SECTION 1

To Mr. Baird and Miss Corzine, our class advisors, we give and bequeath a peace and quiet which they could not have while helping us.

To the entire faculty, we give and bequeath our ability to find other's mistakes.

To Mr. Shafer we give and bequeath our share of power in the student council.

ARTICLE II

Bequests to Undergraduates

SECTION 1

To the student body we leave our capacity for study.

SECTION 2

To the Freshmen we leave our great volume of noise.

To the Sophomores we leave our ability to bluff.

To the Juniors we leave our seats in study hall.

ARTICLE III

Personal Bequests

SECTION 1

I, Carl Sandberg, leave my megaphone to the next cheer leader.

I, Othello Yeck, leave my voice to Ed. Lewis.

I, Alice Larimore, leave my studiousness to Dorothy Randle.

I, Dorothy Farrell, leave my vanity box to Cleo Clark.

I, Marion Galley, leave my knowledge of books to Vivian Pires.

I, Garneda Phelps, leave my giggles to Emma Babb.

I, Ollie Parker, leave my chivalry to Lee Henry Goebel.

I, Pauline Hankins, leave my blond hair to Mabel Biggs.

I, Eunice Haerle, leave my office position to Elizabeth Boruff.

SECTION 2

I, Howard Nicol, leave my debating ability to Harry Furry.

I, Vivian Vieira, leave my smallness of stature to Maureita Doenges.

I, Dorothy Walls, leave my good looks to Cleo Clark.

I, Helen Ferreira, leave my peculiar method of locomotion to Gertrude Decker.

I, Edward Alexander, leave my noise to Fritz Noyes.

I, Thelma Pires, leave my love of argumentation to Mary Sim.

I, Helen Maddox, leave my bobbed hair to Vivian Wyatt.

I, Eugenia Woodman, leave my charming manner to Vinita Switzer.

I, Margaret Camm, leave my curls to Ruth Souza.

ARTICLE III

SECTION 3

- I, Doris Lindeman, leave my reticence to Helen Dinwiddie.
I, Helen Baker, leave my artistic ability to Vivian Pires.
We, Ruth Bradley and Palmer Schiele, leave a good example to Ruth Dorwart and Lawrence Laney.
I, Otis Smith, leave my interest in a certain Junior to nobody.
I, Leland Perbix, leave my vamping faculties to Jack Benson.
I, Emma Francis, leave my poetic abilities to Lavinia Scott.
I, Gladys Wintler, leave my charming personality to Catherine Wilson.
I, James Phillips, leave my curly locks to Clifford Seibert.
I, Helen Rose, leave my importance to Lee Baldwin.

SECTION 4

- I, Dorothy Dodsworth, leave my style of coiffure to Lydia Dawdy.
I, Kenneth Barton, leave my love to Harriet Six.
I, Robert Furry, leave my debating ability to my young brother.
I, Julia Williamson, leave my studiousness to Elizabeth Scott.
I, Catherine Alexander, leave my capacity to dominate to Ernest Hoagland.
I, James Wood, leave my basket ball prowess to Harold Hunter.
I, Rebecca Wingler, leave my blonde locks to Jane Smith.
I, Grayce Rexroate, leave my vivacity to Dorothy Green.
I, Henry Struck, leave my drowsiness to Crit Hanelin.

SECTION 5

- I, Clara Smith, leave my control of the keyboard to Ruth Wilkinson.
I, Gladys Ruyle, leave my cynicism to Marguerite Schoedsack.
I, Dorothea Mills, leave my quietness to Liz Boruff.
I, Florence Olson, leave my modesty to Phoebe Boddy.
I, Ruth Reynolds, leave my voice to Lois Harney.
I, Roscoe Mawson, leave my basket ball fame to Lee Henry Goebel.
I, Warren Hoagland, leave my redundant size to Robert La Rue.
I, Charlotte Hull, leave my class duties to Dorothy Randle.
I, Allie Leake, leave my lip stick to Fern Carlile.

SECTION 6

- I, Caroline Lander, leave my industriousness to Virginia Cumming.
I, Richard Hyer, leave my Exhaust to Catherine Wilson.
I, Antoinette Ludwig, leave my stenographic ability to Leota Taylor.
I, Alberta Black, leave my ebony hair to Lynn Allen.
I, Ernest Bray, leave my knowledge to Henry Irving.
I, Alice Carter, leave my dad to the school.
I, Frank Cohen, leave my marvelous mind to Wilbur Rowland.
I, Paul Gard, leave my oratory to Chic Adams.
I, Helen Decker, leave my culinary ability to Helen Phelps.

ARTICLE III

SECTION 7

- I, Eugene Darr, leave my eloquence to Charles Hopper.
- I, Robertine De Freitas, leave my raven locks to Ivadell De Freitas.
- I, Irene Gustafson, leave my Senior dignity to Helen De Silva.
- I, Grace Johnson, leave my cheerfulness to Irma Leedy.
- I, Harland Moses, leave my fiddling to Elizabeth Scott.
- I, Francis Reynolds, leave my seat in Study Hall to John Nunes.
- I, Lillian Sardinha, leave my brunette locks to Ruth Goviea.
- I, Leta Rhodes, leave my western manners to Francis Griswold.
- I, Ellen Cruzan, leave my typewriting speed to Dorothy Magill.

SECTION 8

- I, Nellis Sanders, leave my hilarity to Maurice Johnson.
- I, Gladys Nunes, leave my laugh to Marguerite Hodgis.
- I, Margaret Heaton, leave my diligence to Helen Turner.
- I, Florence Blimling, leave my reticence to Mabel Martin.
- I, Frank Douglass, leave my love of debate to anybody who wants it.
- I, Helen Clark, leave my style to Mary Olroyd.
- I, Katherine Ludwig, leave my reserve to Louise Stier.
- I, Ruth Patterson, leave my taciturnity to Hazel Decker.
- I, Albert Hickox, leave my auburn locks to William McCarthy.
- I, Harold Cockin, leave my student duties to Malcolm Hulett.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereby signed and sealed and declared this document to be our last WILL, at Jacksonville High School, at high noon, this 27th day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE
JACKSONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

We, at the request of the said Class of Jacksonville High School, in the presence of each other have hereunto signed our names as subscribing witnesses.

HAROLD TEEN
CAPTAIN KATZENJAMMER

Signed and sworn to before me this 27th day of May, 1921.

MARY SIM, *Notary Public*

Cape of Good Hope.....	16 yrs.
Cape Flattery	20 yrs.
Cape Lookout	25 yrs.
Cape Fear	30 yrs.
Cape Farewell	40 yrs.

My Ideal Man

COMPILED FROM HEART TO HEART LETTERS ANSWERING THIS QUESTION: "WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL MAN?"



My ideal man is handsome, wears stylish clothes, just out of college, and a divine dancer.

Sentimentally yours,
EUGENIA WOODMAN

When I marry it will be fifty million dollars. I don't care what his other name is.

Commercially yours,
CATHERINE ALEXANDER

There are no characteristics I would demand in my ideal except that his name be Gene.

Yours indifferently,
DOROTHY FARREL

My ideal must not have red hair or freckles because most of my gowns are crimson.

Artistically yours,
RUTH REYNOLDS

My ideal wears a sport coat and looks the part.

Yours thoughtfully,
GARNEDA PHELPS



My ideal must be a bronco buster from the wild and wooly west.

In strictest confidence,
HELEN MADDOX

My ideal must have soulful eyes, a Bushman profile, and wear spats.

Your modest friend,
THELMA PIRES



My ideal man must be brave, strong and bow-legged.

Respectfully yours,
EUNICE HAERLE

My ideal must play the violin and stay away from the movies.

Intentionally yours,
CLARA SMITH

JUNIORS



I Kissed Her Any-how!





CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	REGINALD REID
<i>Vice President</i>	DOROTHY RANDLE
<i>Secretary</i>	VERNON SCHOFIELD
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Class Colors—Blue and Gold

Junior Class History

MARCH 1, 1921
EN ROUTE

Dear Dot:

I must tell you about our wonderful trip up the high mountain of Learning. We, the Class of '22, are following the J. H. S. Route. This is our third year on the tramp. We expect to reach the summit by next year.

We started under the direction of the Hopkins Tours Company, with Miss Candee for our personal guide. However, this year we changed to a different and newer company, the Shafer Tours Company. This company makes a much more thorough tour. By changing to a different company we naturally changed mountain guides. We now have Miss Gregory, who has proved a good leader. With her aid the summit is assured. There have been other guides with us from time to time, who, as a group, are known as the faculty.

This journey is by no means all travel. During our first course we stopped at a beautiful place called Nichols Park. We had the best of picnic eats. Every one mixed together and had a jolly time. I do not know whether it is our increased knowledge or not that has made us now so stuck-up and divided among ourselves. No party has ever been the success our first one was.

Do they have pep? Oh, yes!—THE JUNIORS.

The Crimson J '21

However, once a year all the groups going by the J. H. S. Route hold a grand Carnival. While in our second course we contributed an operation stunt.

Our minds, affected by the higher altitudes, are becoming weird, for both last year and this we halted for a Hallowe'en Masquerade.

Mr. Shafer installed the Green Slip System to get us over the dangerous rocks, so this year to show him our appreciation we gave a stunt entitled, "The Green Slips." Their marvelous worth was never more loudly proclaimed. Their power to do things was actually exhibited on the stage.

We soon heard that we would reach a place of pleasure referred to as the Peacock Inn. Deciding to have a real party we invited the Class of '21. Such a banquet was never before seen (or eaten). The place cards were hand-engraved. In the fairy-light of candles and daffodils we tried to carve our turkey. With Reg Reid as toastmaster we learned from various ones what qualities we would on our last course possess. Then, of course, the Prom could not be complete without a dance.

Many of our members are winning honors on side trails. Hopper and Arnold exhibited their skill on the foot ball field. Catherine Wilson, as assistant editor-in-chief of the Exhaust, and Lee Henry Goebel in basket ball, are shining. Class '22 is interested in the Debating, Dramatic, and Chorus Clubs.

Hoping to have more honors to tell you of next year, I remain

Sincerely,

FRANCIS GRISWOLD, '22



All that we ask is to be let alone.—RUTH AND LAWRENCE.

The Great Class

It is the class of twenty-two,
Which seems so wondrous wise.
For colors they have gold and blue,
And they make one blink his eyes.

They have a college graduate
To teach and to advise them.
She is a chummy little mate,
And does her best to size them.

They have a boy for president,
His cheeks are rosy red.
He is a very manly gent,
But he will never wed.

They all attended each foot ball game,
And did their best to shout;
In basket ball they'll do the same,
They ne'er sit back and pout.

For a "Crimson J" each signed his name,
And for "H. S. Exhaust," too;
The Junior Class has got the game,
Three cheers for twenty-two.

To the Class of '22

Here's to the Class of '22!
Our parting word, "Good luck to you!"
We've had hard luck without a doubt,
We burned the High School, ran you out
Of the David Prince in our Freshmen year,
As Sophs we brought influenza here.
Our Junior class brought the coal strike on,
And then this new year with our time about gone,
We chose a new principal—like him, too—
But he's strong on discipline, I'll tell you,
No more playing hookey with a faked excuse—
From the first to the last—four years of abuse.

So here's to the class of '22,
Our parting word, "Better luck to you!"

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst, and take what comes to you.—AT EXAMS.

The Junior Music Rack

Bill Benson	"Freckles"
Reon Hamilton	"Vamp"
Irene Miller	"Absent"
Dorothy Randle	"Smiles"
Clifford Sibert	"Whispering"
Riley Alkire	"Bells"
Roy Corrington	"Drifting"
Fern Carlile	"Bright Eyes"
Mary Sim	"Up in the Air"
Vernon Schoffield	"Go Slow and Easy"
Albert Arter	"I'm Building Castles"
Malcolm Hulett	"Give Me Your Smile"
Beth Cunningham	"Till We Meet Again"
Elliot Arnold	"Treat 'Em Rough" (Fords)
Bell Palmer	"Just Like a Gypsy"
Mabel Biggs	"You're Some Pretty Doll"
Paul Bolman	"June, I Love No One But You"
Mabel Rogers	"A Young Man's Fancy"
Allan Biggs	"Don't be Afraid to Ask the Girls"
Vivian Pires	"The Magic of Your Eyes"
David Dawson	"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"
Marguerita Shoedsack	"Evening Brings Rest and You"
Frank Drury	"I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"
Lee Henry Goebel	"I Could Say Good Night to a Thousand Girls"
Helen Turner	"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary"
Ruth and Lawrence	"Let the Rest of the World Go By"
Charlie Hopper	"I Want a Little Bit of Lovin' "
Barnard Camm	"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"

Noisy bunch are we.—JUNIORS.

SOPHOMORE







CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	JOHN HACKETT
<i>Vice President</i>	LOIS HARNEY
<i>Secretary</i>	GEORGE WETZEL
<i>Treasurer</i>	HAROLD HUNTER
<i>Class Advisor</i>	MISS LEONARD

Class Colors—Purple and White

Sophomore Class History

Twenty-three's prowess I'll sing—most wonderful class in the High School,
Right from the day that we entered, in number a hundred and eighty.
Girls all studious and pretty, the boys all athletic and clever—,
Maybe a few are exceptions, but these the historian counts not.

Last year at our Hallowe'en party we showed a good time to our classmates;
Generosity later we proved by largest Thanksgiving donations,
Every good cause or appeal was sure of our best contribution.
Then came the carnival famous, and again we shone forth with great lustre,
Winning the plaudits of all and great praise for our dolls' transformations.
Spring brought the Interscholastic, and Lois, our sweet-voiced singer,
Honors did win for our class, and two prizes brought joy in her triumph—
Thus passed the year we were Freshmen, its fun and its work intermingling.
Summer dispersed our ranks, but with plans for glad autumn's reunion.

Behold! how they study.—THE SOPHOMORES.

The Crimson J '21

Sophomore class we were called when next we met in September,
Fired with ambition and pep, resolved to be the best ever;
Our president now is John Hackett, Lois Harney, his lovely assistant,
Treasurer next, Harold Hunter, George Wetzels the scribe for our records;
Officers able and loyal, and best of all, Emma Mae Leonhard,
Friend and advisor and comrade to every one in the class.
Aged appearing and young met together, a merry class party,
Truthfully, too, I can say that both were equally happy.
Gladly we played and made merry, but yet we were never forgetful—
Generous gifts we all made for relief of war-stricken Europe;
At Thanksgiving also the poor we remembered with baskets of good things.

High School spirit we've shown, and two kickers have made the eleven,
One on the basket ball team well upholds now our good reputation.
Carnival stunts came again and we introduced a new feature,
Moving pictures by foot, not by reel, but said by all to be greater.
Then in debate we took part, and with logic convincing and clear
Harry showed what can be done, even in the Sophomore year.

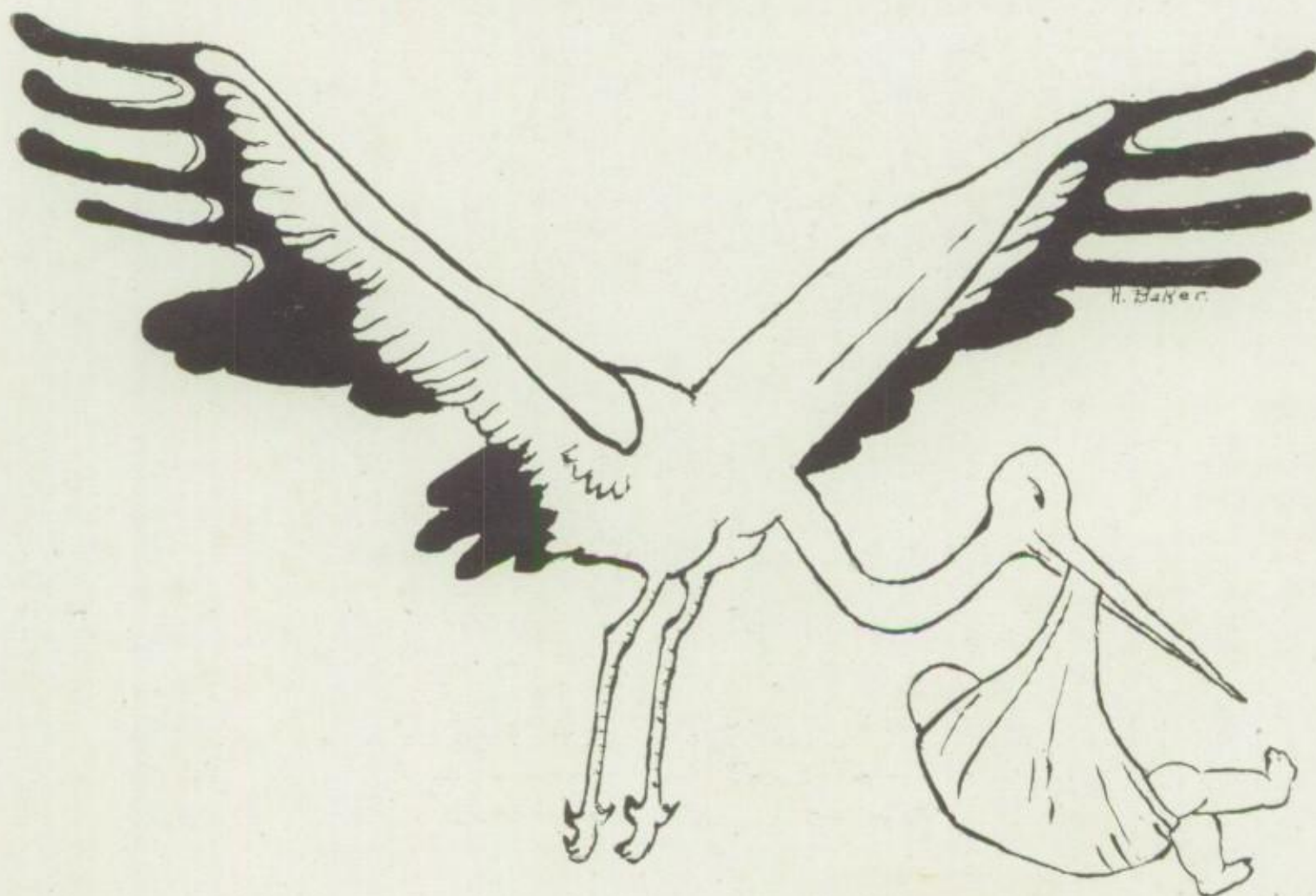
Thus for almost two years we have worked as a class united and true,
On through our course we shall be loyal still to the white and the blue.

LAVINIA SCOTT



Try it and see if you can do any better yourselves.—ADVICE TO FUSSERS.

FRESHMAN







CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	EDWARD LEWIS
<i>Vice President</i>	MARGARET CURTIS
<i>Secretary</i>	LEE BALDWIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	PALMER HUNT
<i>Class Advisor</i>	MISS TILTON

Class Colors—Orange and Black

Freshman Class History

The class of '24, "The Babies" of the High School, have traveled only a small portion of their toilsome way through the J. H. S. They entered upon this path September 13, 1920.

They still recall the mingled thrills of pleasure and fear that they experienced that first eventful day. Some lost their way to classes and had to be rescued by the principal or a teacher. Theodore Wetzel, having lost his way from one class to another, asked Warren Hoagland, who was standing near by, if he was the principal. This showed the greenness of some Freshies.

However, most of this hue has worn off by this time. These merry-making little Freshies also had a delightful wiener roast at Dunlap Springs on one of the brightest nights of the season.

"J. H. S. has waited five hundred years for us."—FRESHMEN.

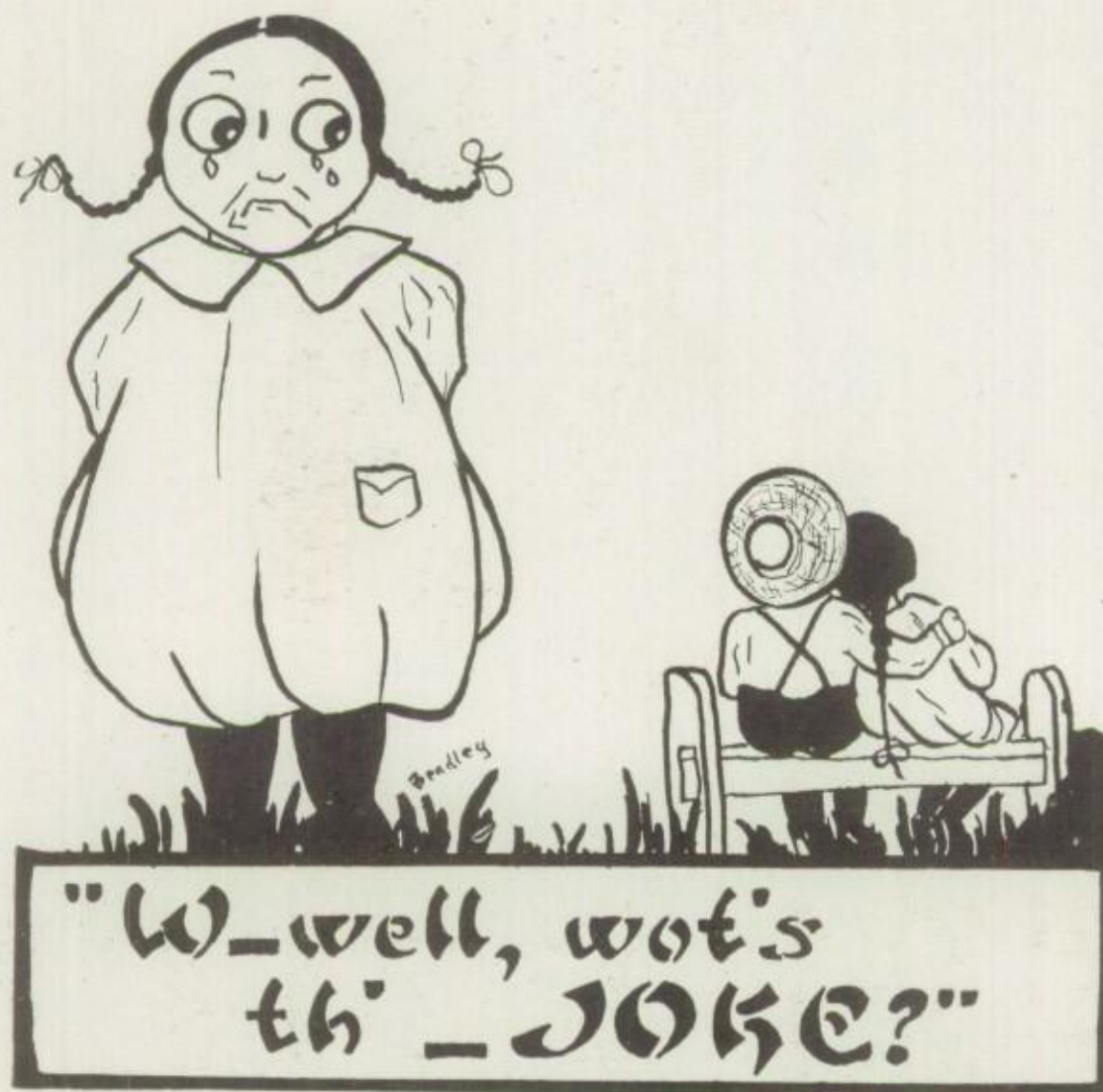
At the beginning of the second semester the class was re-enforced by several new members. They were spared many of the mistakes made by the Freshies of the fall, because the experienced Freshmen took a personal interest in them.

The Freshies made a good showing along basket ball lines, having several members who were allowed to remain on the squad. Of course, you know they are so courteous, so respectful to their elders that they would not make them envious. Therefore, the higher classes have the honor of having more men on the squad.

A history of the class would, of course, be incomplete without mentioning the fact that two of its members, Edward Lewis and Palmer Hunt, made the first team, as substitutes, and took part in the tournament in this city.

If all is well, and the Fates do not rule otherwise, the class of 1924 will, perhaps, win some of the highest honors ever won by the J. H. S.

MAURIETA DOENGES



*"Look before you ere you leap,
For as you sow you're like to reap."*

—ADVICE TO FRESHMEN



ATHLETICS



FOOT BALL TEAM



JOHN L. MITCHELL
Athletic Coach

Foot Ball

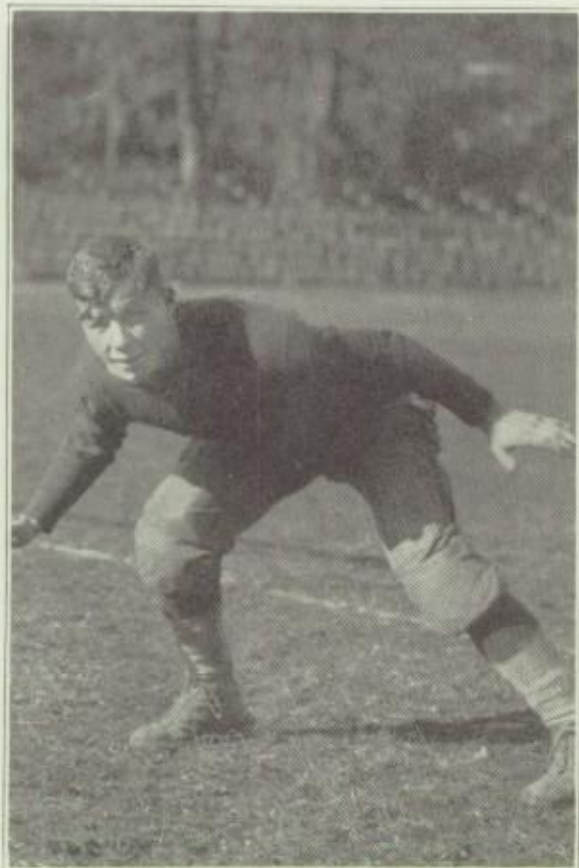
When Coach Mitchell sent out a call for foot ball candidates many old men and new recruits showed up to the number of about thirty-five. Practice began the first day of school and everybody began work with a will, as the first game was only two weeks off. Each one practiced hard and a great deal of credit is due the second team for the great work they put up against the first team. We had a fairly successful season and achieved a great triumph by defeating our old time rival, Waverly.

FOOT BALL SCHEDULE

At Jacksonville—Beardstown	0	Jacksonville.....	7
At Jacksonville—Hannibal	13	Jacksonville.....	0
At Jacksonville—Pittsfield	7	Jacksonville.....	0
At Decatur—Decatur	64	Jacksonville.....	0
At Jacksonville—Peoria	0	Jacksonville.....	6
At Quincy—Quincy	28	Jacksonville.....	0
At Jacksonville—Waverly	6	Jacksonville.....	7
At Springfield—Springfield	41	Jacksonville.....	0
At Jacksonville—Palmyra	7	Jacksonville.....	21



J Men

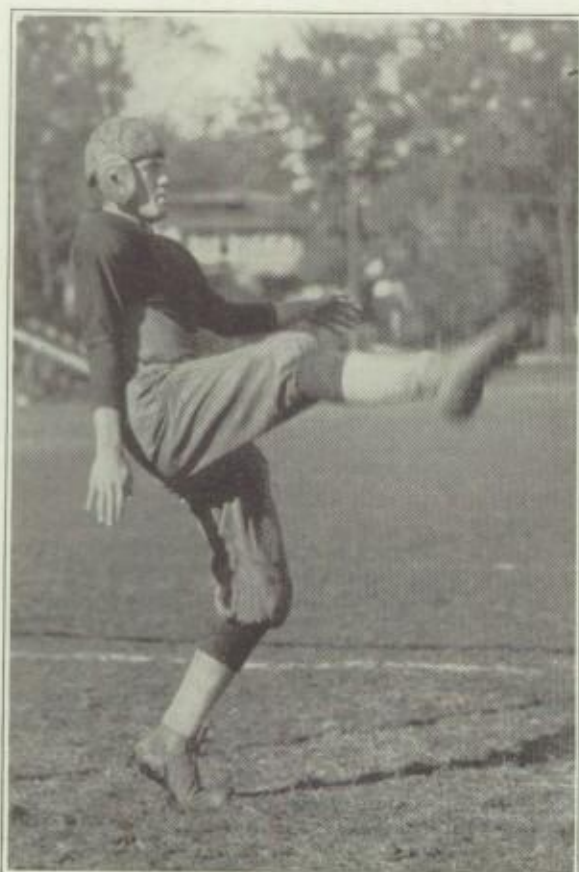
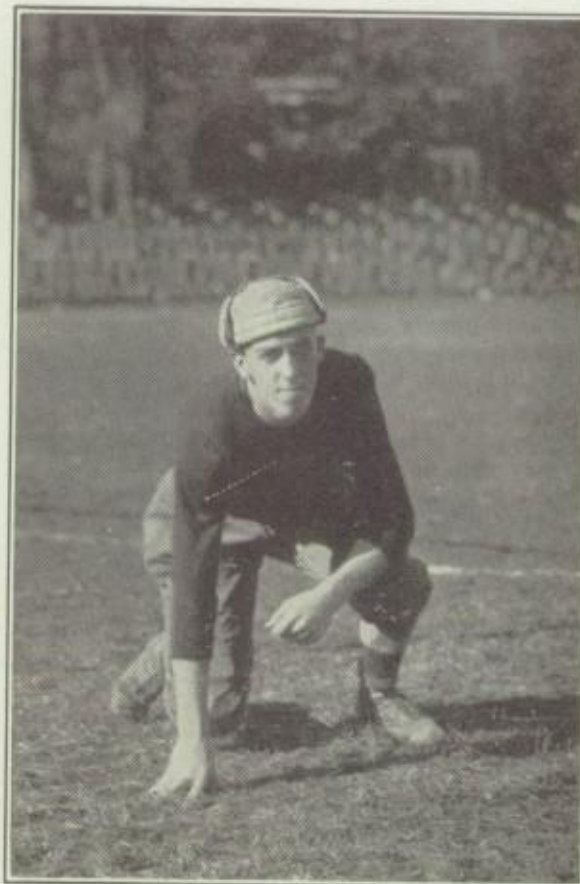


PAUL GARD—"Capt."

Captain Gard finished his high school foot ball career as captain of the foot ball team. Although new at the position of end, he was always on his toes and played his poistion like a veteran. He broke up many plays around his end for a loss and could always be depended upon to get the man receiving the punt.

ALBERT ARTER—"Al"

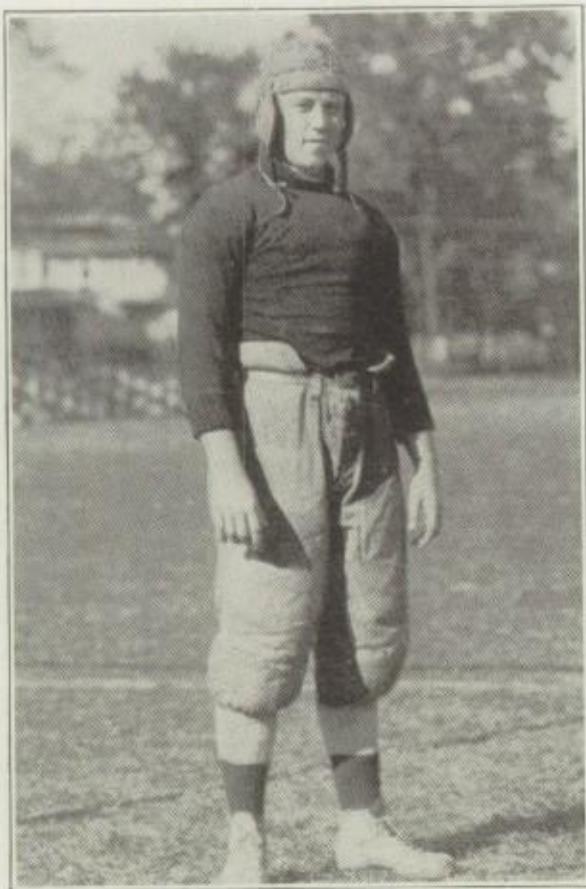
Al was a man who played the game for all that was in it. At left half back he was a consistent ground gainer, and broke up many forward passes.



EDWARD ALEXANDER—"Alec"

Alec was a cool and heady quarterback and was a great open field runner. He carried many a long punt back to its starting position.

J Men

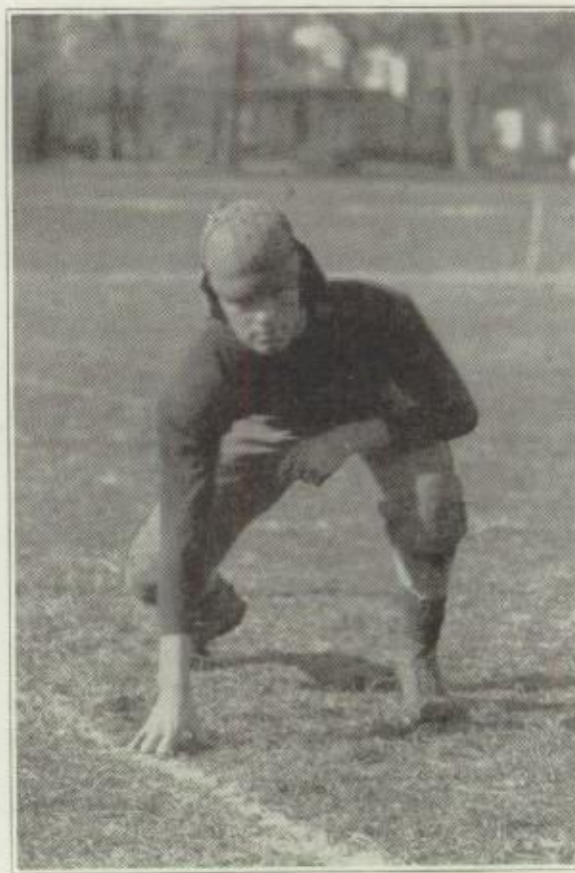
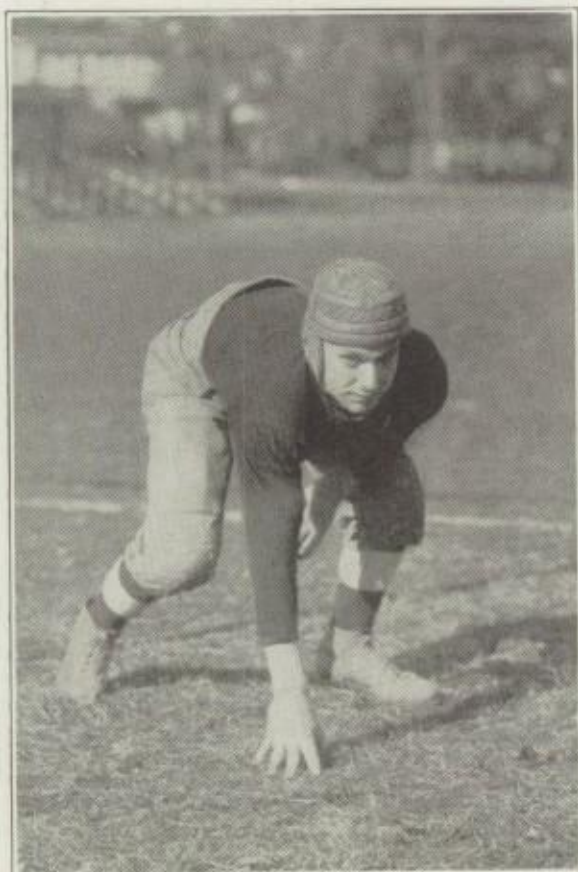


GEORGE COCKIN—"Cockin"

George at guard was always on the job. On defense he tackled many an opposing halfback. On offense he could always be depended on to make a hole.

ELLIOT ARNOLD—"Arnold"

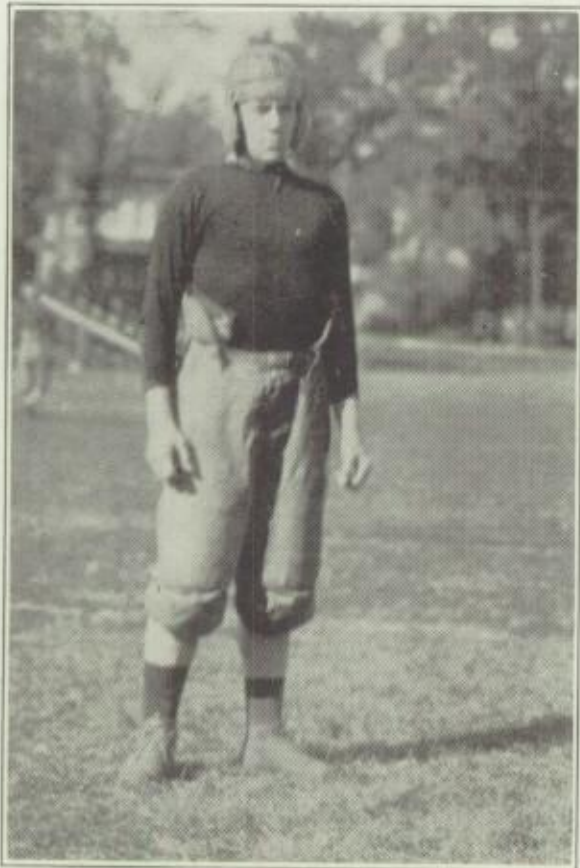
Arnold was chosen captain of the foot ball team for the coming season. He has shown himself worthy of this position by his great playing at left tackle this season.



NELLIS SANDERS—"Rip"

Rip was new at his position at quarter back but managed the team with good headwork. He was a good ground gainer and carried the ball for many a gain.

J Men



HAROLD COCKIN—"Cockin"

Cockin was full of fight in his position at end from the beginning of the game until the final whistle. Gains around his end were few and far between.

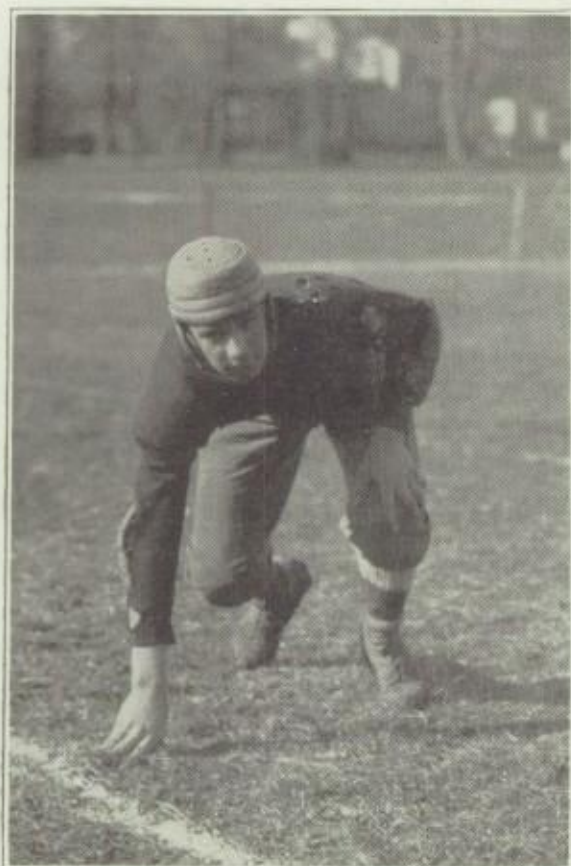
ERNEST BRAY—"Erny"

Erny was a big man at tackle and was a whirlwind on both offense and defense. He was a good tackler and could always make a hole through his side of the line.

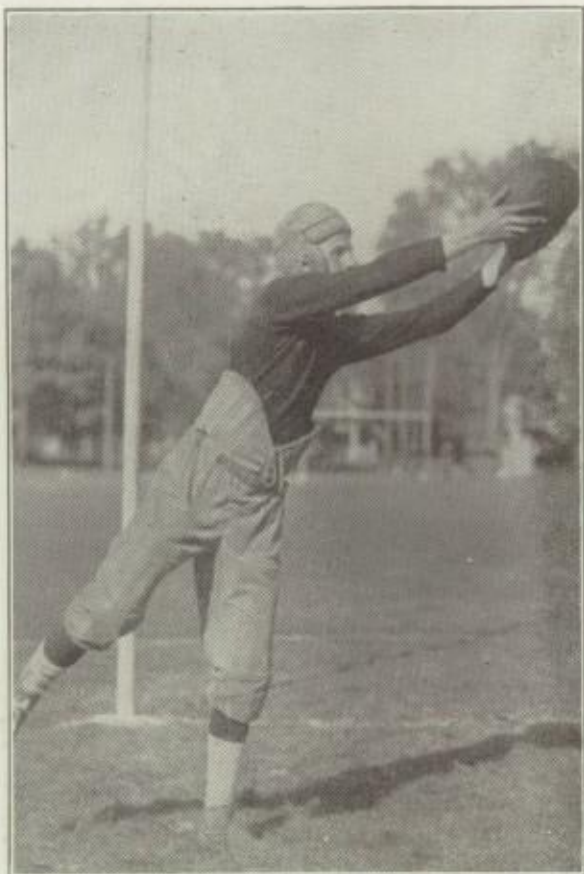


CHARLES HOPPER—"Charlie"

Charlie was a man who could put them over. Playing at fullback he was a hard line smasher and a good, clean tackler.

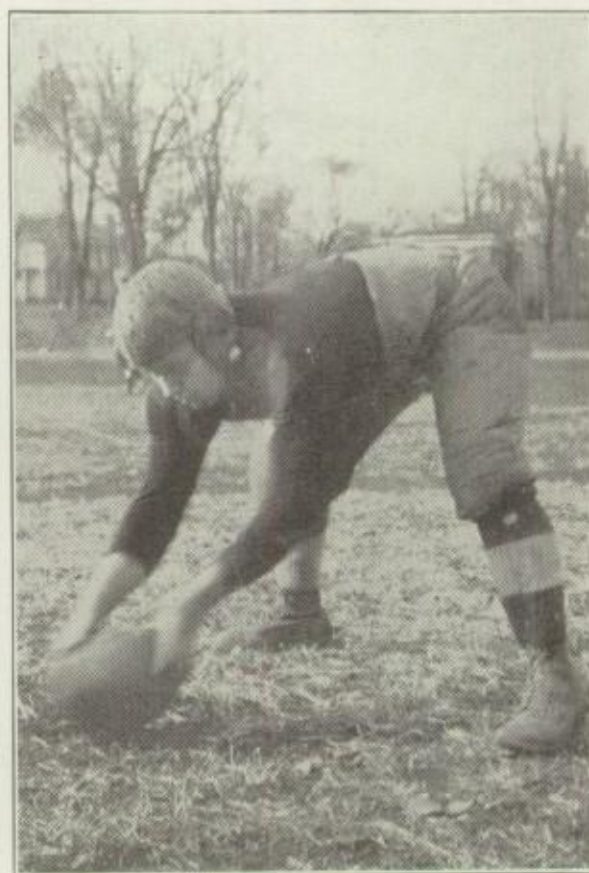


J Men



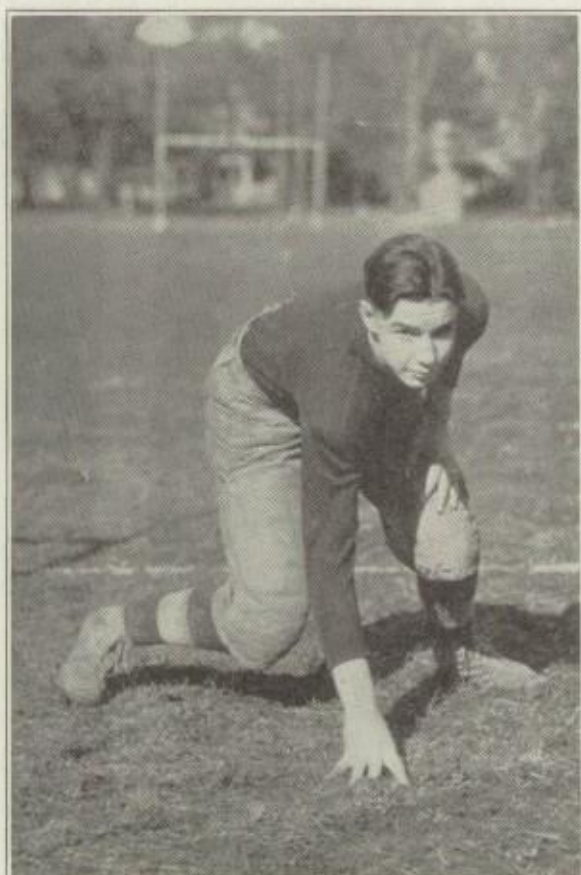
FRANCIS REYNOLDS—"Reynolds"

Although light, he showed speed at end. His defensive work was always on a par with his offensive work.



JOHN HACKETT—"Slat's"

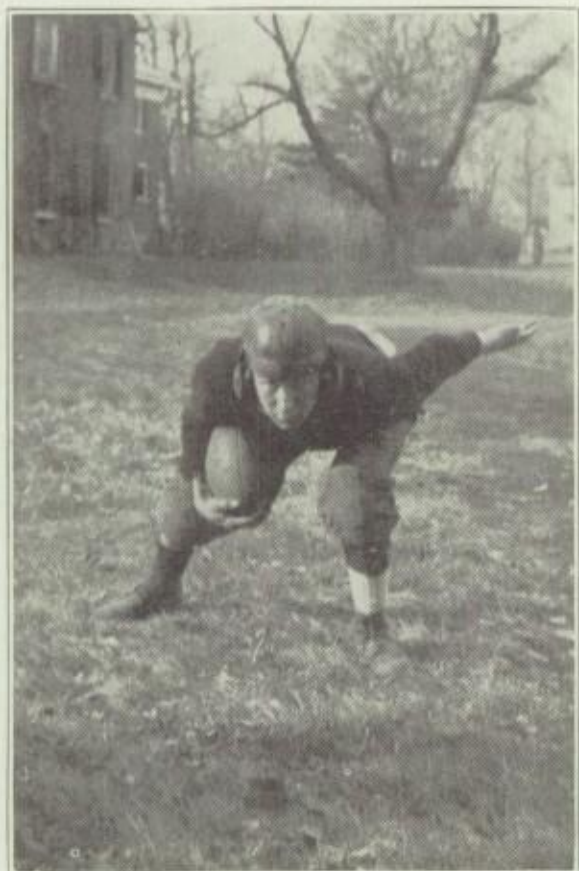
Slat's has shown himself to be a strong man at the put position. He was an accurate passer and was equally good on defense and offense.



LEE HENRY GOEBEL—"Gob"

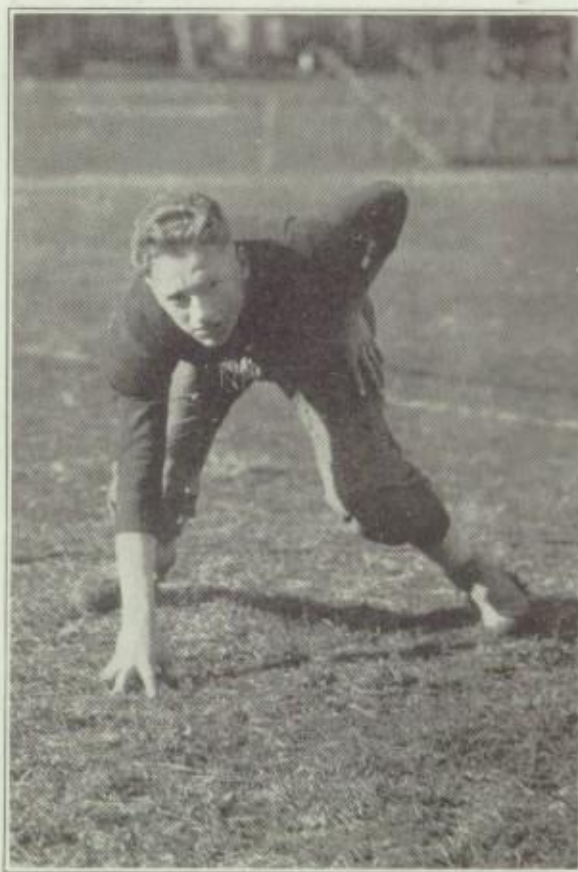
Gob was a new man at the game, but you would hardly believe it. He showed great promise at the position of tackle, and we expect a great deal of him next year.

J Men



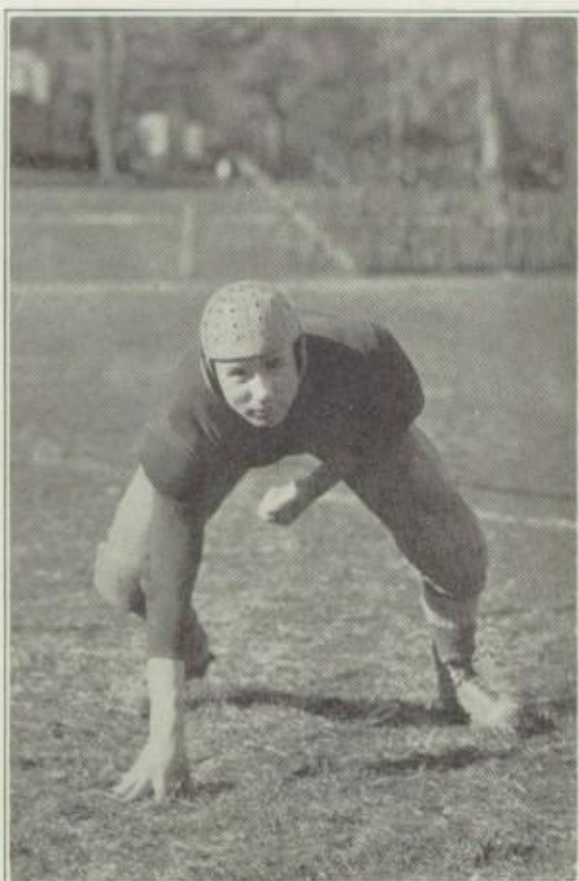
RALPH MITCHELL—"Mickey"

Mickey at quarter back was little but mighty. He made many gains around the ends and was a steady man on defense.



HENRY STRUCK—"Bud"

This was Bud's first year on the team, but that did not handicap him. He developed into a fast man and always downed his man.



PALMER HUNT—"Hunt"

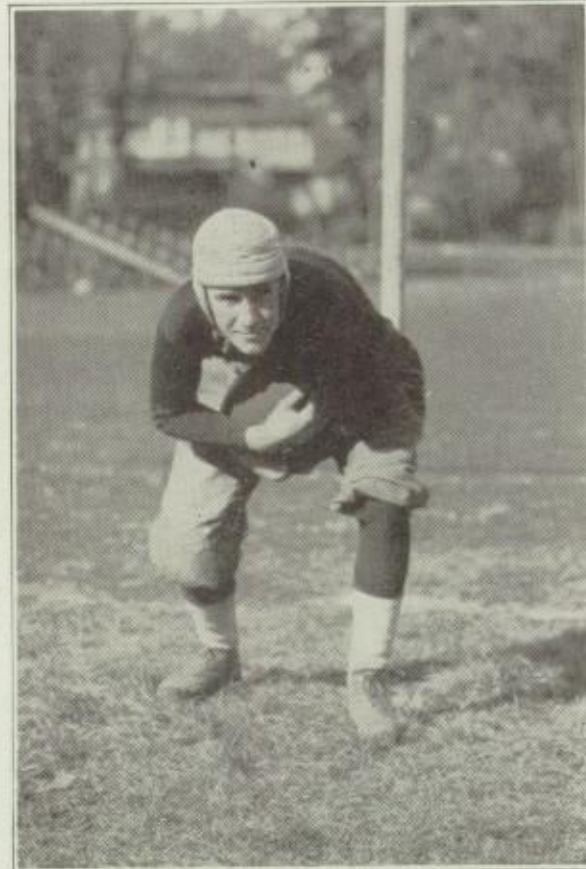
At the beginning of the season Hunt played half-back but was then shifted to the position of guard. He was a heavy hitter and a punter of no mean ability.

J Men



BERNARD CAMM—"Cammie"

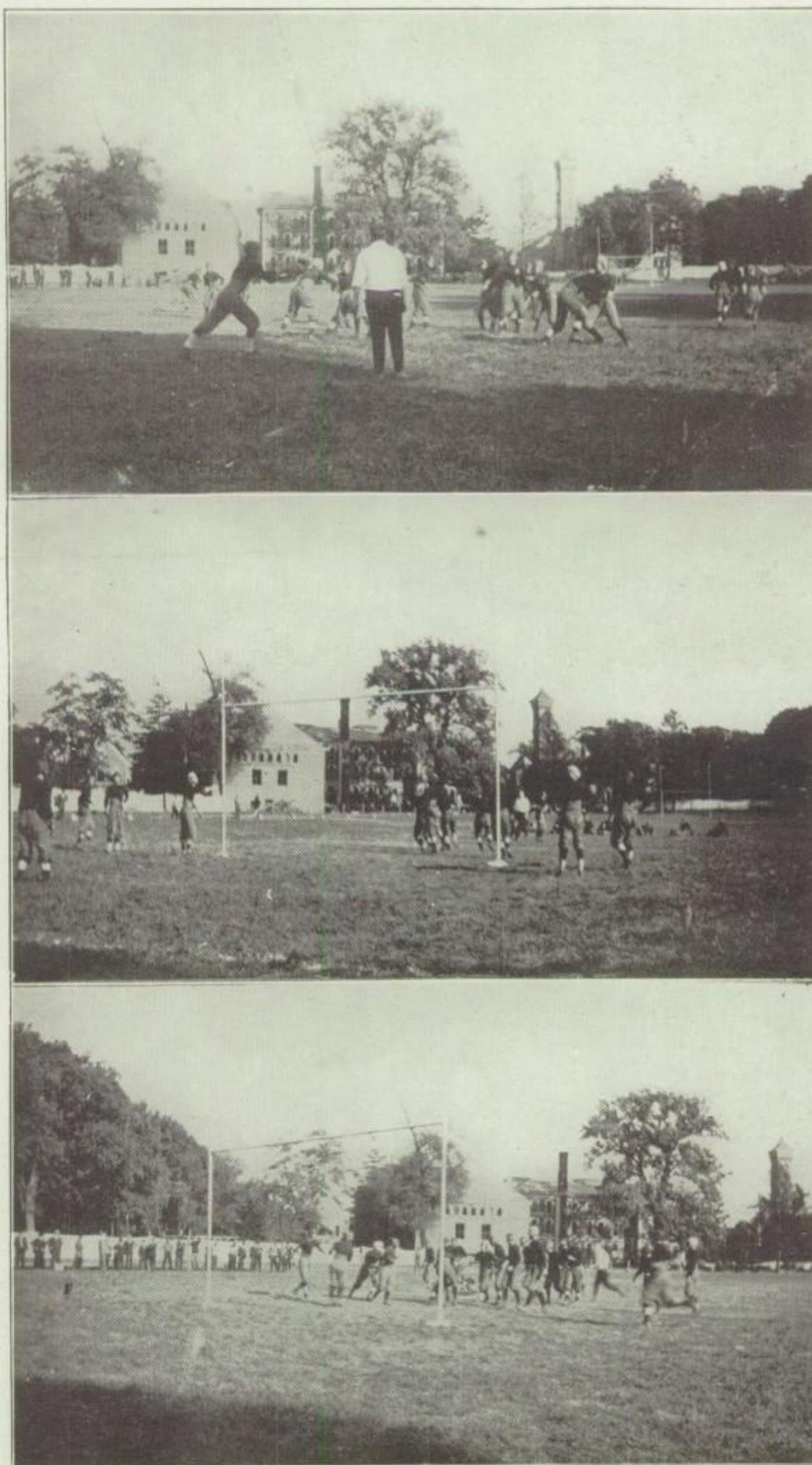
Cammie's position was at guard. Whenever a position was called for in the opposing team's line, he was there to make it.



LELAND PERBIX—"Perbix"

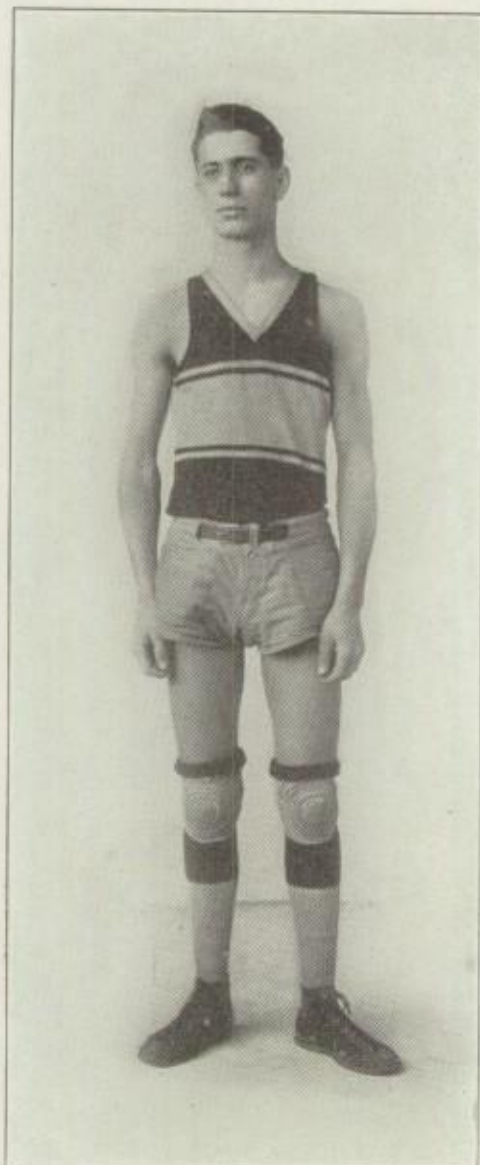
Perbix was no easy runner to stop. He was always ready when needed and was an expert at catching forward passes.





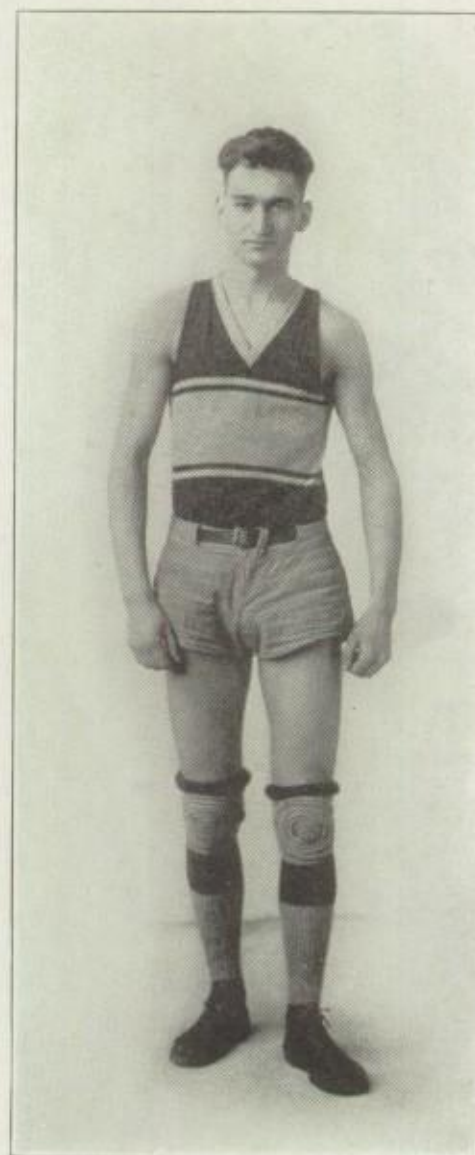
Oh, that Waverly game! 7 to 6

J Men



CAPT. JAMES WOOD—"Woodsie"

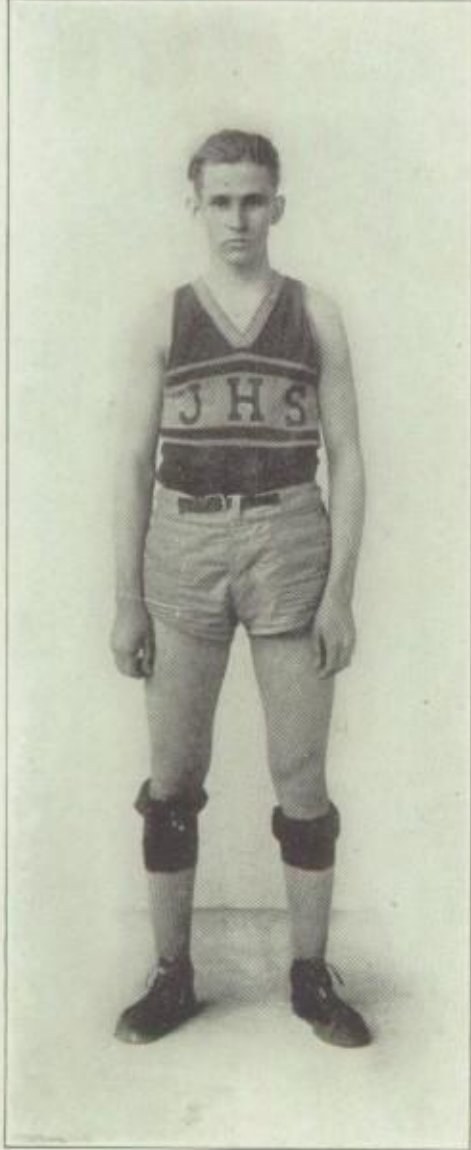
Woodsie was a fast man on the floor and had a keen eye for baskets. His name will long be remembered in the annals of J. H. S. basket ball.



HAROLD HUNTER—"String Beans"

A long, tall center who will be remembered *long* by his opponents. He liked basket ball, and played as though he did. He was so fast that he could push the electric light button and be in bed before the room was dark.

J Men



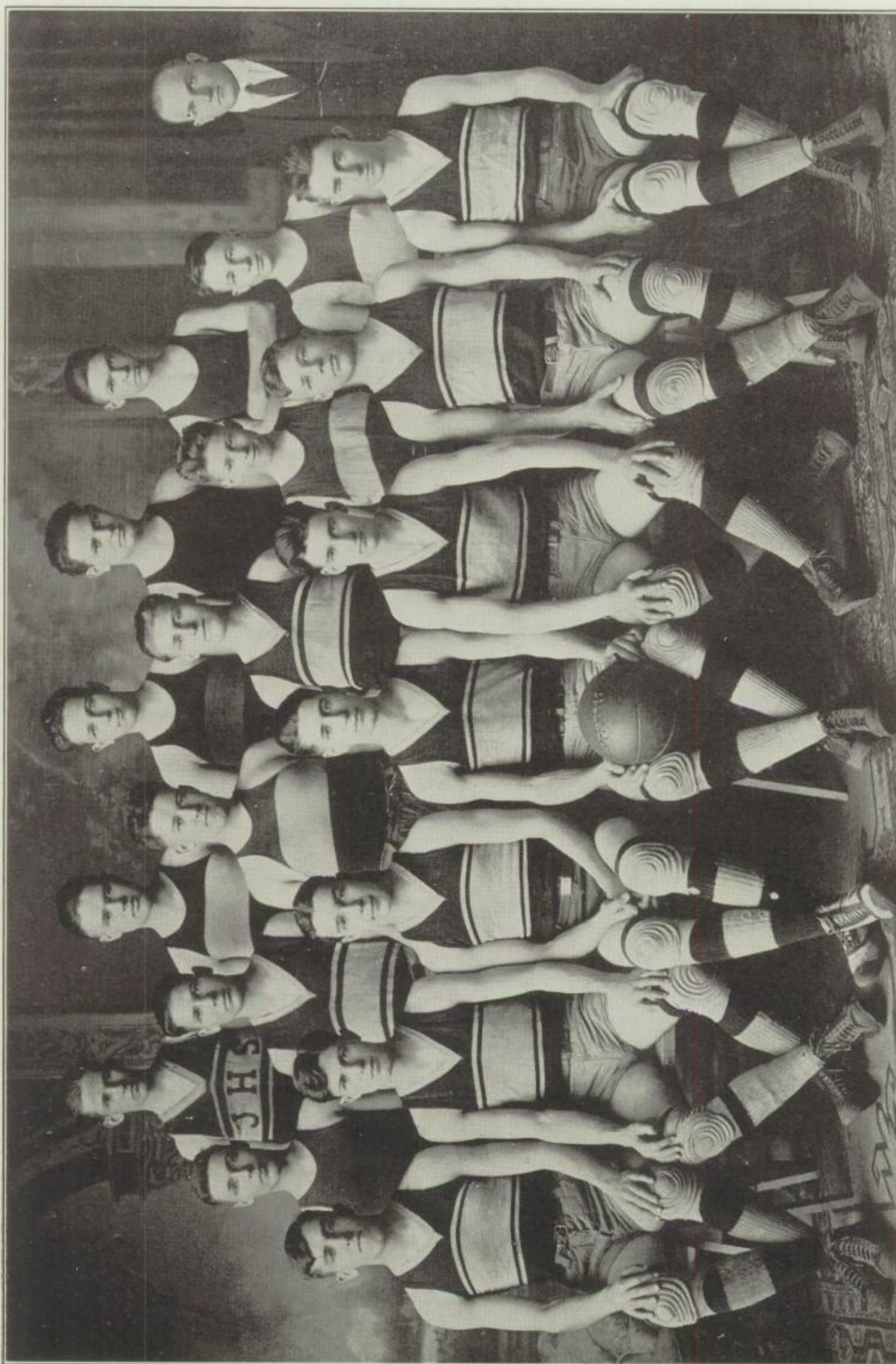
EDWARD LEWIS—"Ed."

He was a man who could always be depended on to make some points. He is only a Freshman, and oh, boy! when he gets to be a Senior, he will make them all step.



ROSCOE MAWSON—"Mawson"

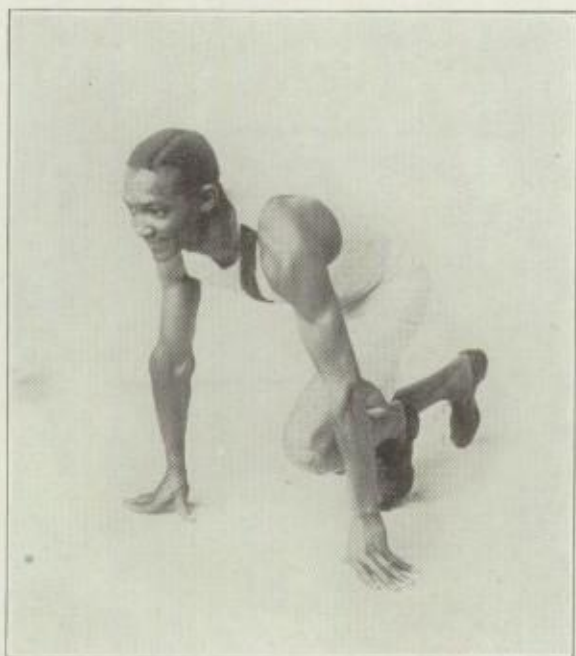
A running guard who seemed to be all over the floor at once. Mawson was like a coil spring; when he was knocked down, he was up before he hit the floor.



Jacksonville District Tournament

A. (a bye) Auburn.....	{ White Hall.....	{ White Hall.....	} Springfield.....
B. (a bye) White Hall.....			
C. (a bye) Meredosia.....	{ Waverly.....		
D. (a bye) Waverly.....			
E. (a bye) Winchester.....	{ Virginia.....	{ Bluffs.....	
F. (a bye) Virginia.....			
G. (a bye) Bluffs.....	{ Pawnee.....		
H. Pawnee.....			
I. Petersburg.....			
J. Springfield.....	{ Springfield.....	{ Springfield.....	
K. Jacksonville.....			
L. (a bye) Franklin.....			
M. (a bye) Murrayville.....	{ Athens.....		
N. (a bye) Athens.....			
O. (a bye) Chapin.....	{ Chandlersville.....	{ Chapin.....	
P. (a bye) Chandlersville.....			
Q. (a bye) New Berlin.....	{ New Berlin.....		
R. (a bye) Ashland.....			

Track



FRANK DOUGLAS—J Man

Douglas received his J in track last year. We are looking forward to his doing the same good work this year.

After the tournament the athletes of J. H. S. enjoyed a short rest. Then track practice started the latter part of March and the men turned out in a goodly number.

Our prospects for track look very good this year. There are a great number of the track men left from last year and there is also plenty of new material showing up.

J. H. S. is to be represented in three meets this year; the Western Illinois, the Illinois Interscholastic, and the State Meets. Although competition will be great in these meets, Jacksonville stands a good show of coming out on top.

All the students of the school are behind the track men and may the best of luck go with them in every event.

"Fastest man in J'ville."—DOUGLAS.

Ah, Me!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the town a young man passed.
One eye was black, the other green,
But on his lips a smile serene,
Displayed to those who stood about,
That sundry teeth had fallen out.
One leg was twisted all awry,
Huge lumps festooned his starboard thigh,
But though his battered form was bent,
Still blithely on his way he went,
And fourteen others, just like him,
Came limping through the shadows dim—
The foot ball game was over.





Board of Control

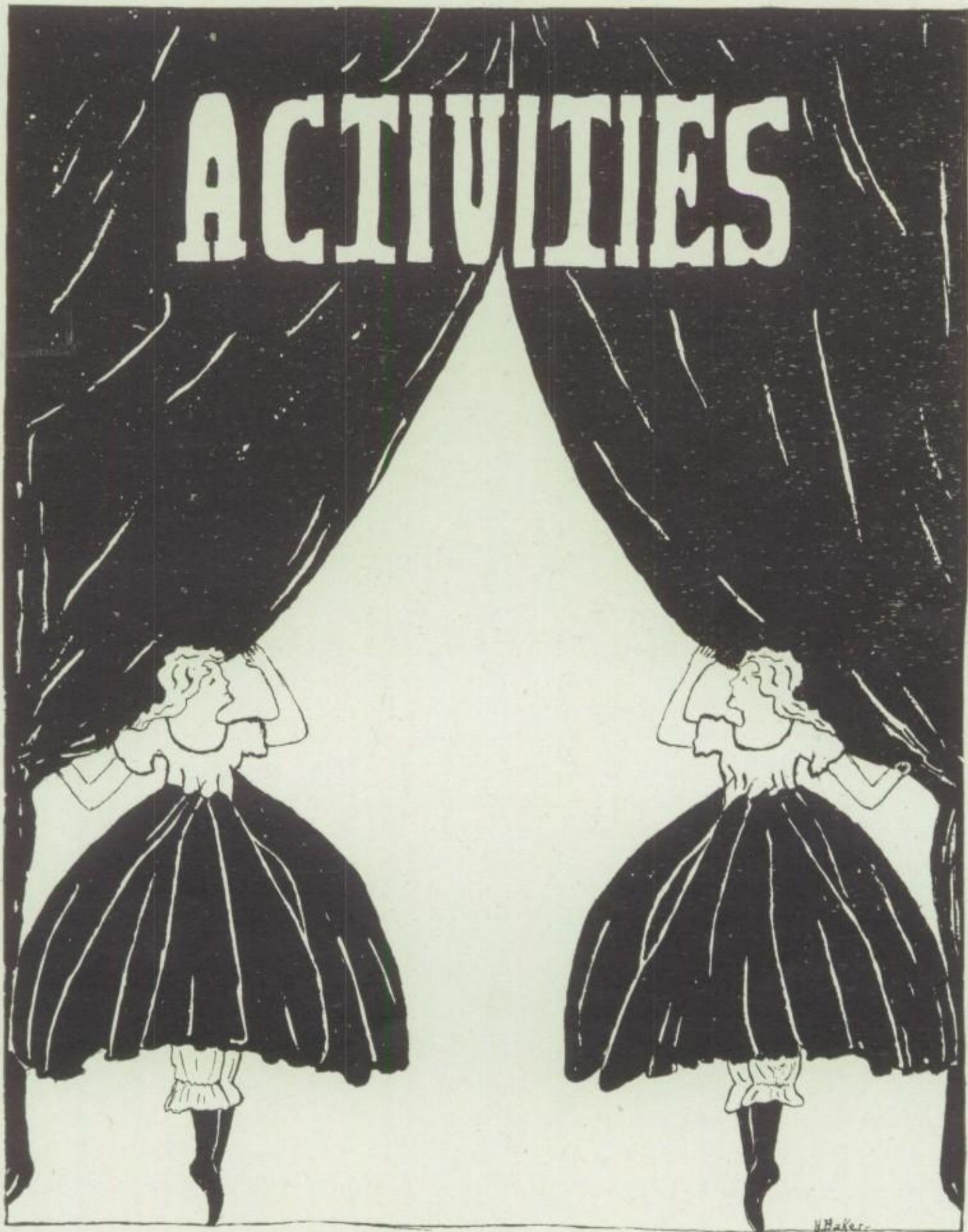
CARL SANDBERG

EDWARD ALEXANDER

PAUL GARD

B. F. SHAFER

ALBERT ARTER





The Student Council

The Student Council was reorganized at the beginning of the year, making the second year of its existence. The organization of the Council is practically the same as it was last year, there being two members from each class, a boy and a girl. The meetings of the Council are held from time to time when occasion demands, with Mr. Shafer acting as chairman.

The purpose of the Council is to provide an executive organization, through which all important matters of school life may be introduced and acted upon by the principal. The Council has had a very busy year working upon several matters of extreme importance to the school. Perhaps the most important of these was the re-establishment of the school paper. Several other important matters, the carnival and the formation of a housing committee for the tournament were also attended to. To the unstinted co-operation of our principal, Mr. Shafer, is due a very large part of the success of the Council.

The greatest of the great.—STUDENT COUNCIL.



The Debating Society

The J. H. S. Debating Society came to life last year when the two debating teams and their coach signed the constitution as charter members. The chief object of this society is to promote debating in the High School.

Owing to the late date of the organization of this Society, last year the membership was limited to the two teams and their coach; but this year the old members, realizing the need of such a society in J. H. S., and seeing the growing enthusiasm of the student body in debating, raised the membership limit to twenty.

Regular society meetings are held every two weeks on Thursday, seventh period, in room two hundred. At each meeting a program is given, including a debate, and the critic and the society pass on the merits and demerits of each number given.

At the beginning of this year the following officers were elected: President, Robert Furry; Vice President, Garneda Phelps; Secretary, Thelma Pires, and Critic, Howard Nicol, with Miss Leonhard as Faculty Advisor. Each of these officers deserves special mention for untiring work in the society. The co-operation has made it one of the most active of our present High School organizations.



NEGATIVE DEBATING TEAM

Thelma Pires, Captain; Howard Nicol, Harry Furry
Albert Hickox, Alternate

Miss Emma Mae Leonhard, Coach

Question: *Resolved*, That European immigration into the United States should be further restricted.



"You shall know me by my orations."—HOWARD NICOL.



AFFIRMATIVE DEBATING TEAM

Kenneth Barton, Captain; Helen Rose, Robert Furry
Lee Baldwin, Alternate

Jacksonville Loses Tri-City Debate

In the tri-city debate between Jacksonville, Springfield, and Quincy, Jacksonville was defeated both at home and in Quincy. The decision at home was a 2 to 1 vote and in Quincy a 3 to 0 vote.

The debate in both cities was won mainly by dramatical delivery, since Jacksonville showed up well in both thought and organization of material.

The debaters owe a great debt to their coach, Miss Leonhard, for her great interest and co-operation in getting material and her labor in drilling the teams.

In the contest for the cup, Quincy now leads with seven points, Springfield is next with six, and Jacksonville last with five. Everyone in the school who can debate should come out next year and help Jacksonville win the cup to keep.

"Night after night they sat and bleared their eyes with books."



DRAMATIC CLUB

Allan Biggs
George Adams
Clara Smith
Grace Campbell
Dorothy Dunavan
Mary Sim
Mabel Rogers
Frances Griswold
Annabel Drury
Sarah Russel

Charlotte Hull
Catherine Alexander
Walter Braddish
Helen Phelps
Thelma Pires
Josephine Milligan
Helen Turner
Caroline Lander
Lee Baldwin
John Hackett

Ruth Weber
Virginia Cummings
Eunice Haerle
Morita Doenges
Garneda Phelps
Martha Strang
Margaret Cann
Paul Bolman
Margaret Heaton

Miss Julia Tilton, Coach



The Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	CATHERINE ALEXANDER
<i>Secretary</i>	CLARA SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN HACKETT

The dramatic club is an old organization in our school, but owing to the recent war, which deprived it of its coach and several members, its activities were stopped for a time.

Last year, however, the club was revived with all its old-time "pep" and "enthusiasm." This year the club has continued to thrive just as well as it did last year, or even better.

In the early part of the year the old members elected officers and initiated by mysterious rites and ceremonies, some twenty people into the club, until the present enrollment is about thirty. A committee was also appointed to look after the programs and other matters.

The club gave three snappy plays, as well as giving a short program on one assembly day.

No one doubts that this organization is a fine thing and we, the present members hope, as the years go on, that it will not be lacking in spirit or members.



"Step by step we shall rise."



CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA



GLEE CLUB

“Polished Pebbles”

Miss Lena Hopper, director of music in the public schools, had charge of the presentation, assisted by Miss Emma Leonhard. The cast certainly showed their dramatic ability, and without a doubt, Eunice Haerle as Mrs. Gabble, played her part the most naturally of all the cast.

Uncle Bob	John Hackett
Mrs. O'Brien	Clara Smith
Rosalie	Lois Harney
Winifred	Ruth Reynolds
Milicent	Catherine Alexander
Mrs. Gabble	Eunice Haerle
Mr. Gabble	Lee Baldwin
Martha	Virginia Cummings
Nick	Ollie Parker

Curtain

Eighty-four



The J. H. S. Exhaust

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	RICHARD HYER
<i>Assistant Editor-in-Chief</i>	CATHERINE WILSON
<i>Subscription Manager</i>	EDWARD LEWIS
<i>Assistant Subscription Manager</i>	DOROTHY RANDLE
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	PALMER SCHIELE
<i>Assistant Advertising Manager</i>	ALBERT ARTER

CLASS REPORTERS

<i>Senior</i>	KENNETH BARTON
<i>Junior</i>	ELIZABETH JOHNSON
<i>Sophomore</i>	LAVINIA SCOTT
<i>Freshmen</i>	MAUIETA DOENGES, EARL TILTON
<i>News Reporters</i>	EDWARD ALEXANDER, LEE HENRY GOEBLE
<i>Joke Reporter</i>	ALBERT HICKOX
<i>Local Reporter</i>	HOWARD NICOL
<i>Exchange Reporter</i>	ELIZABETH SCOTT
<i>Athletic Reporter</i>	REGINALD REID

"Watch our smoke."



The Art Class

The Art class has been doing some very helpful and interesting work this year. The first few weeks were devoted to work in charcoal, pen and water color. At Christmas the class worked on leather. Some very good looking leather belts, coin purses, bill folds, card cases, and large purses were made.

Book binding was also a helpful problem. Kodak books, loose leaf or otherwise, were made by some, while others made large portfolios.

Quite a bit of time was devoted to posters, supporting and advertising school activities, among them, the foot ball and basket ball games, the Carnival and various plays. A very liberal prize of twelve dollars, consisting of a first prize of five dollars, second of three dollars, and four one dollar prizes, was offered by the Woman's Club for posters boosting Jacksonville. This was an unusual opportunity and was fully appreciated by the students.

If the art room in the new building is finished before the close of the semester, Miss Sibert intends to make use of it and have the students work with brass.

VIVIAN PIRES, '22

"Helter-skelter; hurry-skurry."—TWO-MINUTE BELL



MISS MAUDE RYMAN

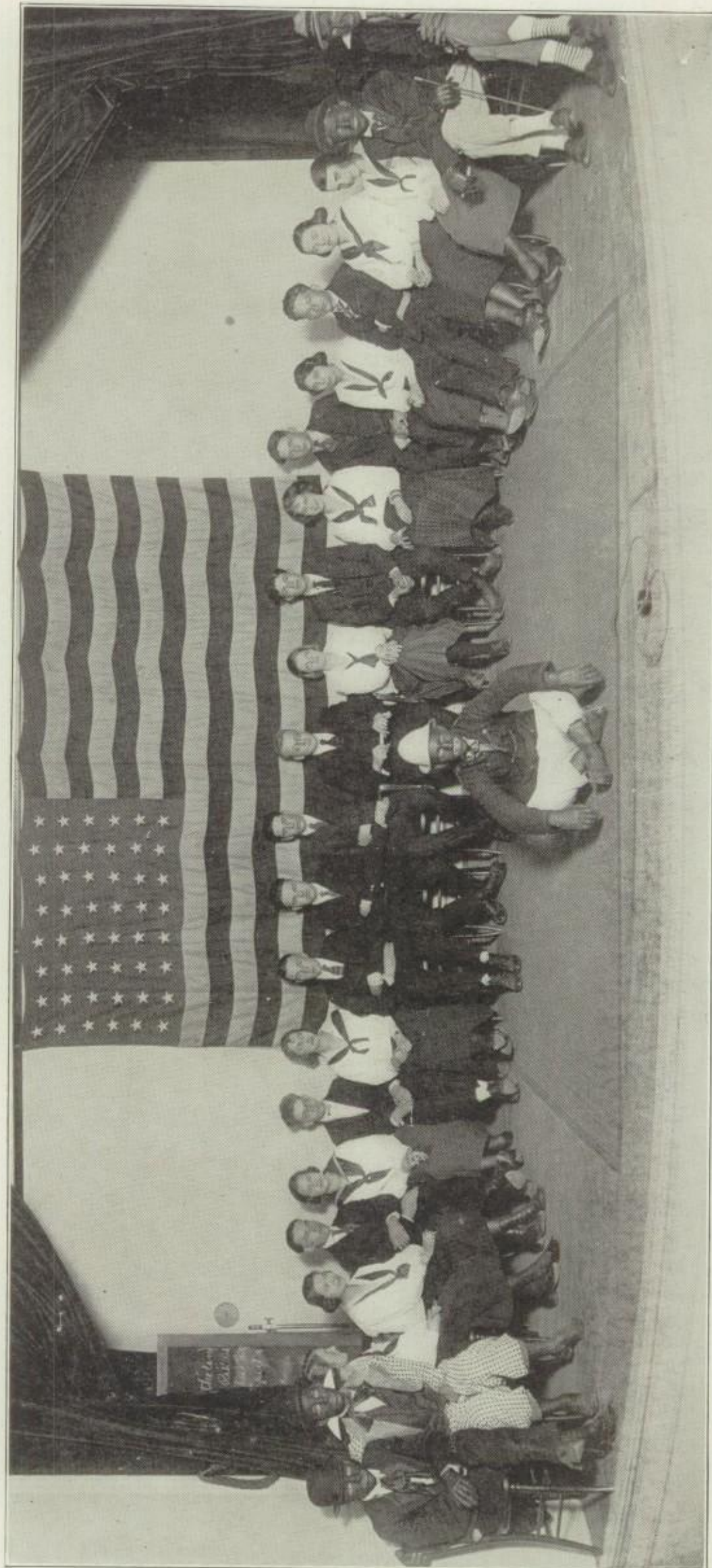
Public Health Nurse

Hark! A sneeze—a careless cough—
Here comes our busy, busy Nurse!
“Open, please,”—and in your face,
Quick, without a moment's grace,
Turns her flashlight—nothing worse.

Then her little book comes out;
Down your name, the date, the cause;
Straightway to the Doc you go—
Never mind your tale of woe—
This is one of “Nursie's laws.”

And she keeps a smiling face,
Whether measles, colds or worse.
Passing quickly everywhere—
Catching symptoms here and there—
Blessings on our busy Nurse!

“Don't forget your hat and rubbers, children.”



The Carnival

Toward the close of Thanksgiving day everyone that could, mothers, aunts, fathers, grandmas, and grandpas, came out to see the wonderful annual J. H. S. Carnival. Nor did they go away disappointed, for as one gentleman said: "Wal, them kids sure like their fun and I like it, too!"

But to make a long story short. A fortune teller told your present, past and future. There were side shows, "Wonderland," and a wonderful swimming match, fishing pond, and all the other things that go with a good carnival.

Grandpa didn't reckon as how he was to see a vaudeville, but sure enough he did.

The "Freshies," being of a poetical nature, gave to the people "Sweet Clementine." Those children have a career ahead of them! The "Sophs," who are well known for their bashfulness, gave "Moving Pictures by the Feet." The Juniors gave for the benefit of Mr. Shafer, a little play to show the wonder of his invention, the "green slip." Then the Seniors! As is the custom each year they gave a Minstrel. Full of fun, pep, music and,—did I hear some one say—Jokes! Well, perhaps you might ask the faculty about that.

The eats were not forgotten. There were peanuts, ice cream, chewing gum and candy—n'everything. And everyone left with the wish that it was time for next year's.





Hi-Y Club

One of the most swiftly growing and highly beneficial organizations in the High School at the present time is the Hi-Y Club. This club came into existence some few years ago in the old Y. M. C. A. building with a membership of some twenty or thirty. Although homeless, this club has increased with considerable rapidity until there are over forty boys wearing the triangular pins and there are sixty or seventy-five names on the roll.

Under the tutelage of Mr. Findley and the officers of the club: Robert Furry, President; Paul Gard, Secretary, and Lee Baldwin, Treasurer, the members have attended the weekly meetings of the various churches, enjoyed the generous suppers, and discussed the interesting and helpful life studies.

The standards of the club are clean speech, clean living, and clean scholarship. These principles, properly upheld and lived up to, will elevate the youthful element of the school and city to an unprecedented level.

When the campaign for the Near East Relief was instituted, Mr. Shafer gave the Hi-Y Club the full control of the drive in J. H. S. The efforts of the boys who participated are truly commendable.

It is certainly a great satisfaction to know that this is one of the largest and most efficient clubs of its kind in central Illinois, and it is to be hoped that such a worthy organization does not die but rather increase and multiply in the future years and the added facilities in the new Jacksonville High School.

Senior Class Play

Mark Embury, philosopher, scholar and scientist.....	Nellis Sanders
Roger Goodlake, his friend and neighbor.....	Paul Gard
Captain George Lovell, his nephew.....	Ollie Parker
Sir Harry Trimblestone, cousin of Joanna.....	Edward Alexander
Kit Barniger, fiddler and dancing master.....	Frank Cohen
Peter, Embury's servant	Leland Perbix
Joanna Goodlake, wife of Goodlake.....	Helen Baker
Mrs. Deborah, Embury's housekeeper.....	Gladys Ruye
Peggy, "Little Britain," ward of Embury.....	Garneda Phelps
Matron, of Foundling Hospital.....	Margaret Heaton
Beadle, of Foundling Hospital.....	Warren Hoagland
Mollie, kitchen maid.....	Thelma Pires

"The play given at the High School last night by the Senior Class was more than a success. It showed much work on the part of the cast and undoubtedly shows the ability of Miss Ager to stage a good play. The pupils played their parts in a manner almost equal to professionals instead of amateurs. It was a good story and ended just as we wanted it to.

The proceeds of the play are to be invested in a suitable Class Memorial. This class has undoubtedly worked hard for this and although the Memorial has not yet been decided upon, no doubt it will be something they, as well as the High School, may well be proud of.

It is to be hoped that other classes may follow the example of the Class of '21."

"Oh! my love is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry."

*"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a' glee"*

Commencement Plans

On Thursday evening, May 26th, the Seniors will assemble for the usual Class Day exercises, but like every other important event in the history of the Class of '21, the program will be more unusual than usual. The girls will wear middies and skirts of spotless white, set off by ties of yellow gold. The boys will adorn themselves in white trousers, blue coats and royal purple cravats, along with the other paraphernalia of modern dress.

The program for this event will be prepared by a capable committee chosen by the class, which includes: Eugene Darr, Garneda Phelps, Edward Alexander, Alice Carter, Kenneth Barton.

Then on Friday night the class will assemble for the express purpose of obtaining certain bits of paper which personify the supreme achievement to every high school student. The simple, but impressive ceremony will be carried out according to a program arranged by Mr. Shafer.

Despite the fact that nearly every important high school in the state will use caps and gowns for Commencement and Baccalaureate exercises, the Seniors have decided to adhere to the old custom and attend these exercises in whatever dress they may individually prefer, providing they are not elaborate or expensive.

After considerable discussion and debate it was voted that the Baccalaureate sermon be preached at the Central Christian Church. Rev. Marbach was chosen to deliver the address. At the conclusion of this final assembly the Class of '21 will be dismissed, a higher, nobler group, to depart to the several parts of the universe from which it gathered and collected those four, long years ago.



Our Exit—SENIORS.

Diary of a Senior

SEPTEMBER

13. School starts. Who said 13 was a lucky number?
16. Several young ladies are saying that the new Principal is real handsome.
20. Have you noticed how Nellis likes Miss G.?



25. J. H. S. wins from the Beardstown foot ball bunch, 7 to 0.
28. Seniors try to elect Crimson "J" Staff. Fuss and failure, chaotic confusion.
30. Seniors again attempt to elect "J" Staff. More fuss.



OCTOBER

1. Mr. Shafer denounces class factions.
2. We lose to Hannibal in foot ball, 13 to 0.
4. Prof. Moulton talks on Psychology (door knobs).
7. Rev. Marbach makes his first appearance.
9. J. H. S. defeated by Pittsfield; 7 to 0.
11. Jack Yeck falls asleep in Civics and enjoys a nightmare.
14. Trick dogs and Freshmen compete for honors as Study Hall disturbers.
15. Seventh period dismissed for big Pep meeting.
16. First team is beaten by Decatur, 64 to 0. Second team retaliates by defeating Griggsville, 13 to 7.
21. Sandwich sale. Oh, boy!
22. Hoorah, hooray, no school to-day!
23. J. H. S. defeats Peoria Manual, 6 to 0.
29. Seniors invited to foot ball game at Illinois. Junior Party.
30. J. H. S. defeated by Quincy, 28 to 0.



NOVEMBER

F

1. We get our grade cards. F must be the most predominant letter in the alphabet.
3. Athletic Association holds first meeting.
5. We dedicate our new National Anthem at rousing pep meeting. Coach is down-hearted.
6. J. H. S. wins from Waverly, 7 to 6. Big parade.
8. Wonder of wonders! Ernest B. and Otis S. have their English. Big pep meeting; even Coach is smiling.
9. Helen DeSilva gives Miss Randolph a present. Can you guess what it is?
11. No school.
13. J. H. S. loses to Springfield, 40 to 0; and to Winchester, 33 to 0. It's the 13th.
15. Seniors receive some questionnaires.



23. Big pep meeting.
24. No school. Big parade.
25. We win from Palmyra, 21 to 7. Hufford's goat is a welcome visitor. Big Carnival.
30. We hear financial report of Carnival.



DECEMBER

1. Senior meeting.
9. Rev. Smith speaks in Assembly.
13. We receive our grade cards. The 13th is always unlucky.
16. Eighteen foot ball "J's" awarded. Big banquet tonite.
17. We hear a plea for a school paper. Seniors all in favor.
23. Out for Christmas. It's time. We get a paper. Rev. Pontius speaks.

JANUARY



3. School again.
5. Tryouts for Tri-City Debating team.
7. J. H. S. defeated by Alton, 17-13.
13. Open meeting of the Debating Society.
18. Our new paper is advertised in Assembly.
19. Exams.
20. More exams.
21. Still more exams.
22. J. H. S. defeats Barry, 17 to 13.
24. Mr. Perrin speaks in Assembly. Senior Class meeting.
26. Report cards. The Exhaust makes its first appearance.
27. Dr. Yonan speaks in interest of the Armenian Relief. "Crimson J" is advertised by a play.
28. Pep meeting. We escort the team to the train. Springfield 22, J. H. S. 16.
29. Pittsfield 30, J H. S. 27.



FEBRUARY



3. Dramatic Club play in Assembly.
5. J. H. S. 40, Griggsville 7.
10. Tri-City Debate.
11. Senior Class meeting. J. H. S. wins from Jerseyville, 15 to 14.
14. Lincoln Assembly.



18. Junior-Senior Prom.
22. Washington Assembly.
25. J. H. S. 39, Normal 10.
26. J. H. S. 15, Waverly 18.



MARCH

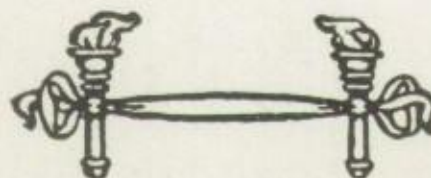
2. Senior Assembly program.
10. Big pep meeting. Parade. Tournament starts.
J. H. S. 24, Springfield 25.
11. Tournament.
12. More tournament. Springfield wins.
18. Tryouts for East St. Louis Debate.
25. No school.
28. Operetta, "Polished Pebbles."
30. Operetta repeated.
31. Basket ball banquet.



APRIL



1. Physics demonstration in Assembly. Senior meeting. Caps and gowns vetoed.
4. Miss Horsburgh plays in Assembly.
6. Nine "J's" awarded in Assembly.
7. Mr. Hawkins, of Washington University, speaks in Assembly.
8. Senior Class meeting.
11. Tryouts for Senior Play.
13. Tryouts for Intellectual Contest.
14. Spring vacation.
15. Ditto.
22. Debate with East St. Louis.
28. No school.
29. Home. Hurrah!

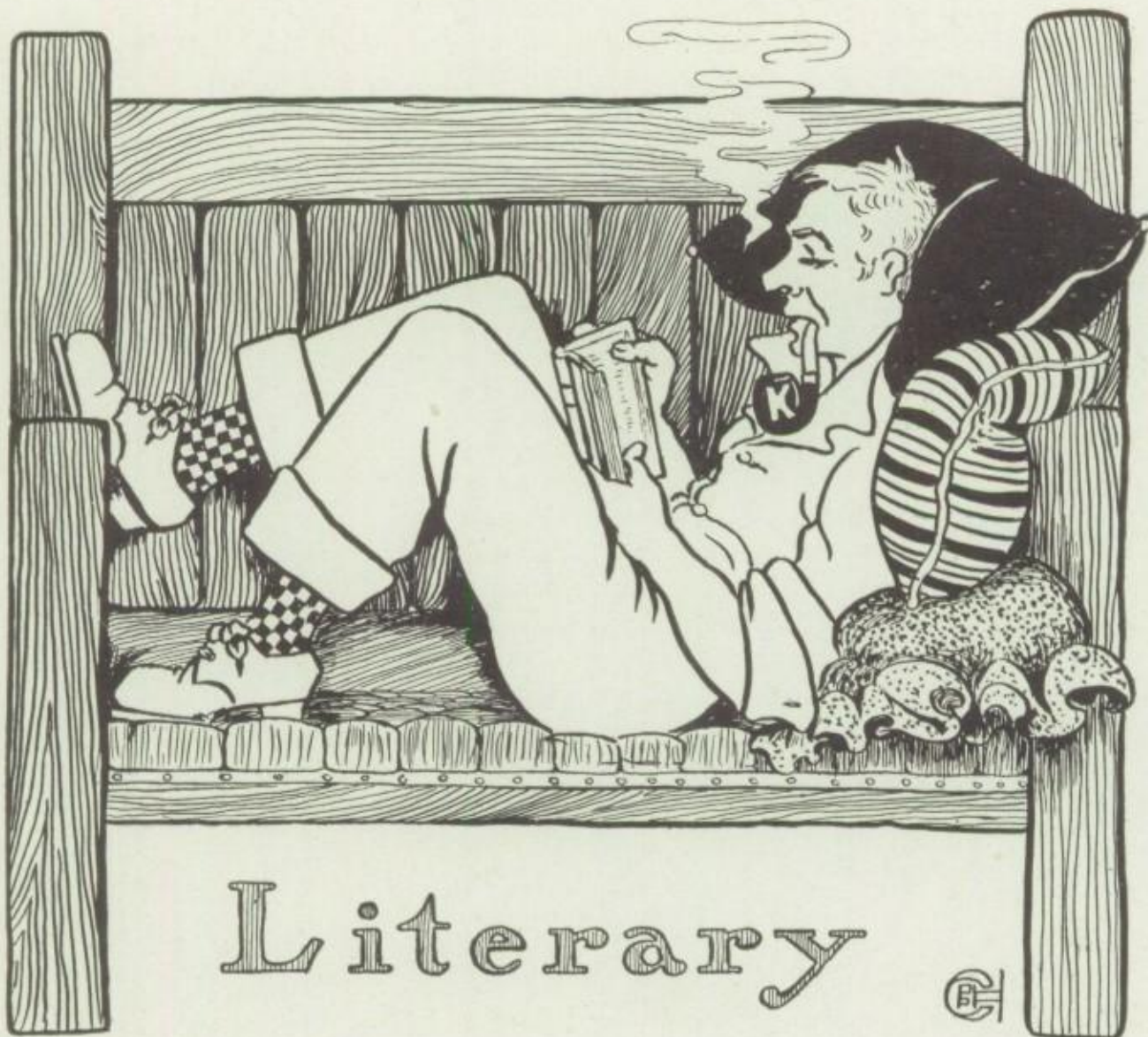
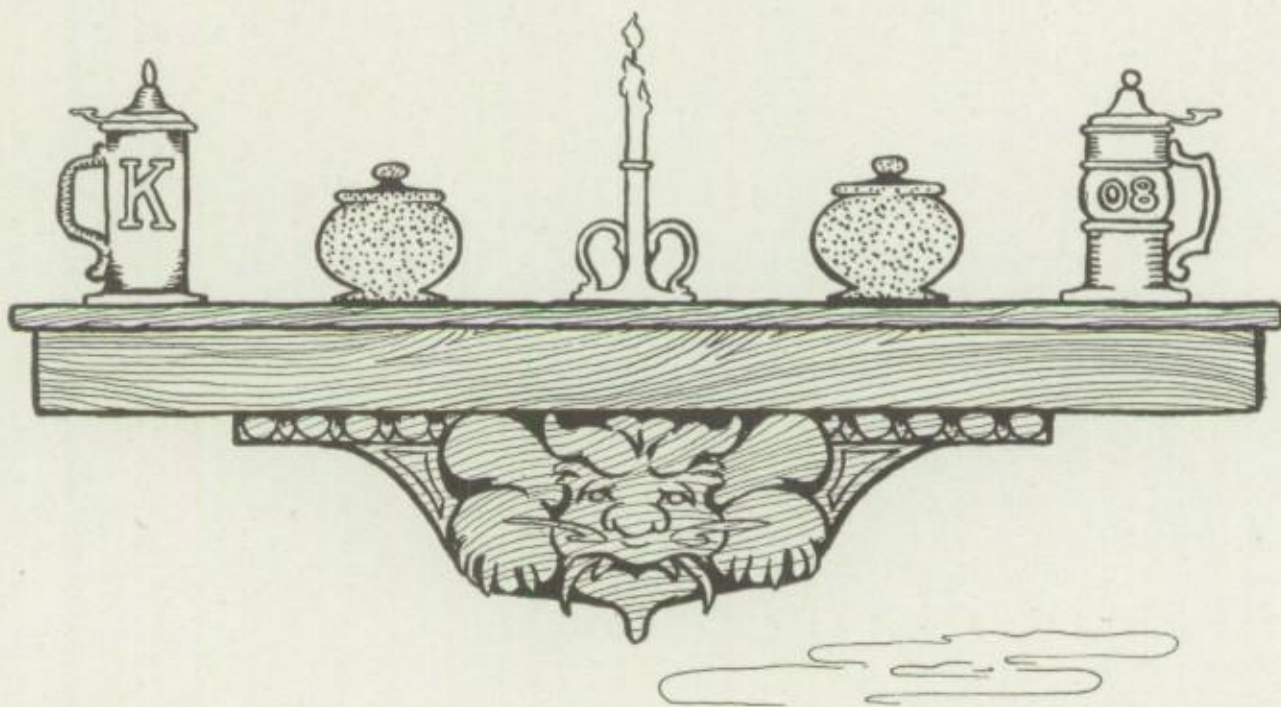


MAY



7. Interscholastic Track Meet.
12. Senior Play.
13. Senior Play repeated.
14. Track Meet.
20. Last day for Seniors.
26. Class Day.
27. Commencement.





Short Story Contest

In order to stimulate short story writing in High School, the "J" offered to publish the two best contributions from each of the four classes. The following were chosen:

Pitiful Case

Directly in front of the Van Archer estate stood a large maroon-colored limousine, occupied by its owner, Mrs. Maxwell Van Archer, who seemed (in her chauffeur's opinion) a trifle despondent. Wringing hands, a wet handkerchief, and a worried look, gave him proof enough to believe anything.

"To Rupert La Carr's office at once!" she commanded.

In less than a half hour the limousine was gliding noiselessly through the business district of New York. When it reached a large white building it stopped. Arrayed in dark, yet fascinating clothes, Mrs. Van Archer stepped forth.

"You will wait for me." This to the chauffeur in an unsteady voice.

"Yes, madam."

In the law office of Rupert La Carr, Mrs. Van Archer told her troubles. And troubles they were. Max refused to let Cordelia eat at the table, and if her child wasn't good enough to,—she wasn't.

Rupert La Carr was puzzled. Why should any normal man refuse to let his child eat at the same table with him? This was, indeed, a queer case.

"And you mean to say that your husband will not let his own child—"

Mrs Van Archer was ready for him.

"That is exactly what I mean, Mr. La Carr." And her eyes were buried in a highly scented crepe handkerchief.

"I cannot understand the situation," responded the grave lawyer slowly.

Mrs. Van Archer's eyes blazed, her tear-stained face flushed, as she cried:

"Well, I do! The wretch! His stubbornness is unbearable! Abominable! He would not even let Cordelia eat breakfast nor lunch with us. But one cannot reason with him. It will be the same way again to-night."

"How old is Cordelia?" queried Rupert La Carr.

"Two last Monday."

The lawyer's face clouded.

"A mere baby," he murmured in low tones, seemingly to himself.

"Yes, a mere baby," cried the despairing mother, who by this time was weeping bitterly. "And let me tell you what that brute husband of mine did. Last Monday morning Cordelia was ill. I was rubbing her head, when the door opened, Max rushed in, flung Cordelia from her cradle to the floor, and told me—his own wife—that if I could not find anything better than *that* to mother, I could get out of his house. Think of it, Mr. La Carr! But I'm through with him now. Yes—I am. I've stood his nagging, and quarreling, and brutality, long enough,—for Cordelia's sake. But I—I just ca-can't stand it any longer!"

Mrs. Van Archer's tears were falling fast now. And for the first time in any of his cases Rupert La Carr felt really moved. *This* was the most pathetic case he had ever had. Nothing but pure meanness on Van Archer's part. He would certainly settle him!

But thinking perhaps he had better make a few investigations first, he inquired of the desperate mother.

"I hate to make you talk, now, at this time. But would you mind describing Cordelia to me?" thinking perhaps deformity might be the cause of it all.

Mrs. Van Archer smiled as she raised her tear-stained face from the depths of her handkerchief. Then she replied, "Well, she—she's not like any other cat. She—"

Rupert La Carr sprang to his feet.

"Any other *what?*" And then sinking back into his chair, "Oh, Lord!" he groaned.

At this moment for the first time, Mrs. Van Archer seemed to realize her mistake.

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. La Carr! How stupid of me to forget to tell you our Cordelia was an Angora cat. But I call her our child. She's so sweet, and dear. Oh, how could she ever stand such—such er—cruelty?"

But Rupert La Carr arose to his feet and firmly announced, "I can do nothing for you, Madam."

"What! You cannot defend a poor little innocent child depending solely upon you for life? You pretender! You sham! So the noted lawyer, Rupert La Carr, refuses to defend a helpless woman and child, does he? What would some people give to know this? And they *shall* know it. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. You cruel-hearted wretch! Oh, I—I—dear me!" and Mrs. Van Archer's anger was again confronted by tears.

Rupert La Carr felt he must make things known to her one way or another.

"Madam," he said, "I would not refuse to defend a child—a human being—if such was the case. But I *do* refuse to defend a cat. Do you not realize that if I took this case to court for you, I would be the laughing stock of New York? No. Your husband was right. Go home and put that cat in the back yard, where it belongs."

"Put Cordelia in the back yard? Well, I guess not! Oh—I am going. You gave me no satisfaction, as I supposed you would." And reaching for her fur cape, and gloves, Mrs. Maxwell Van Archer departed as gloomily as she had arrived.

After her departure the lawyer laughed to himself, and then said aloud:

"There are some queer people in this world, after all."

KATHERINE MONTGOMERY, '24

The Conductor

At first there was only a speck of twinkling light far off in the distance. Gradually it grew brighter, and with the light came a low muttering in the darkness. The light became a glare, and the muttering increased to a roar. Suddenly the place was flooded with light, while with a flash of shining steel and polished wood the Limited rushed past on its way until only the quickly diminishing light of the last coach could be seen.

Inside the conductor was walking thoughtfully down the aisle, swaying easily with the motion of the train. He paused a moment to speak with a group of men who were watching a card game, then passed into the next coach where people were trying to sleep in the seats. Here a man lay with his head on the window sill and a newspaper covering his face—seemingly asleep. Every kind of people in every kind of awkward position; but all seemed to be in a peaceful sleep. Still, on the second look, one could notice a faint restless tossing as if they were a little uneasy. At the

far end of the car a baby whimpered. Some of the people gave a sudden start, changed their positions, and again fell asleep.

The next car was dark. Each side was lined with dark curtains. Only a few lights were burning low. The aisle was covered with a thick carpet that gave no sound as the conductor walked along. Occasionally one would notice a pair of shoes at the foot of the curtains. At the end of the coach the conductor again stopped to speak to a sleeping porter, who awakened with a jump, his eyes growing to twice their natural size. Seeing the conductor, he quickly started polishing a pair of neglected shoes. As soon as the conductor left, his head nodded; the shoes fell to the floor, and he fell into a doze.

The conductor finally reached the last coach, and stepped out onto the platform, where he stood thoughtfully watching the shining rails disappear into the darkness.

He was a fat, jolly-looking fellow in his blue uniform with its double row of brightly polished brass buttons along the entire front, his blue trousers with a black strip of braid sewed on the outside of one leg, and his large, shining blunt shoes. His face wore a fatherly look, and, as he took off his stiff cap, one noticed that his once dark hair was now streaked with grey. But on this particular night his face wore a vague, haunted look of fear.

His thoughts were suddenly shattered by the piercing scream of a whistle. Then a thundering crash of splintering wood and steel; women's screams; men's hoarse yells; a sudden flare of blinding light; intense darkness. The rest of the night was a nightmare or a terrible dream. Women and children crying; men rushing madly about with tense faces; injured people begging for help; wreckage everywhere with people screaming from beneath. Two men in white uniforms rushed past carrying a large bulk of something blue on a stretcher. Suddenly the wreckage sprang into a blaze. Men rushed wildly about fighting the fire.

The sky was losing its grey tint and becoming red the next morning. Two persons inside a white room were gazing at a person in a white bed. The person stirred, as a cool breeze of the early morning blew into the room. Then he opened his eyes and lay looking at a carefully folded blue uniform on a chair in one corner. He lay looking at the uniform a few moments, then slowly fell asleep while a look of vast contentment stole across his face.

The other two persons stood motionless a few moments. They looked at each other and smiled. Slowly and silently they left the cool white room.

HARLAN ASHER, '24

Only a Dream

It was the day before exams and I was sitting looking out the window, and saw a large crowd of little objects coming down the street. At first I could not make out what they were, but as they came nearer, I found they were books that had heads, legs, and arms. I ran to lock the door, as I did not care to have them near me, and just barely got it locked when they reached it. I felt safe then, but just as I turned around, to my dismay, I saw several coming in the window. There were just five, but that was plenty! The others were not interested in getting in when they found who lived there, and went on down the street, but these five! I tried to run away from them but I could not escape, so I dropped down in a chair to await my fate at their hands. They at once began tormenting me. One stood off and grinned at me and looked suspicious. I could not make out who he was, but finally I discovered, when he said something, that his name was Latin. But, after all, he was jolly, and did not look so very unfriendly.

Then I noticed a sorry little one over in the corner. I looked at him and smiled, but he only nodded his head mournfully. Then something very queer happened; he began to change shape from a rectangular book to a triangle, square, circle, and parallelogram. Horrors! Now I recognized him. His name was Geometry! And in this mood! It certainly looked very bad for me. He resumed his original shape, then sadly turned and left the room. Well, I was rid of one at least, but that did not relieve my peace of mind any when I thought of the way he had acted.

Suddenly I noticed a frisky little fellow dancing about me and trying to attract my attention. He was really quite friendly and when he said, "Bon jour," I knew it was my old friend, French. Well, I had one friend here, anyway, so it was not so bad.

I was just rejoicing over this discovery when an old white-haired man with a long beard came limping up. I instantly knew him to be my sworn enemy, Ancient History. He cackled and said something unintelligible and took out a paper and handed it to me. I looked at the paper and saw the single word: "Flunk." Oh, mercy, another worry! I think if it had not been for my good friend French, and her cousin, Latin, I would have lain down and died then and there! But—I didn't! In trying to console me French said, "Here is English; he is your friend and will help you a little."

I turned to see a little fellow who strangely resembled a picture of some highly educated man I had seen. I felt a little embarrassed before his scrutinizing gaze but finally summoned courage enough to ask him if he had any good news for me. He said yes, that he had heard the exam questions were easy and that he thought I would get through. Oh, joy! then I had three friends who would stand by me in spite of the others. I felt so much better I got up and ran out of the house only to stumble and fall. I landed on something hard.

Then I woke up and everything was dark and when I heard some one saying, "What was that awful noise?" I knew I had only had a dream and fallen out of bed. When I climbed back in bed again, I sighed and said, "But then, it might come true!"

MAUD EVA HACKETT, '23

The Downfall of Mr. Smith

Man is the only animal that wears short socks. The trouble with a short sock is, that it will not keep its place. Walking or sitting a man knows his socks are slowly but surely slipping. Many have tried to prevent this but none have succeeded. Desperate men have even tried mucilage but it proved to be useless. The only thing left to do is to boldly cast it aside and adopt the full-grown stocking.

This was done by Reverend Charles Smith of the village of Newton. Mr. Smith was rather handsome, not yet twenty-five years of age, and unmarried. Therefore he was quite popular with the unmarried teachers of the church.

Mr. Smith was very neat and no one suffered more keenly from short socks than he did. Even in his most eloquent sermons he could feel his socks slowly slipping. Once he deliberately stooped and repaired the damages. That night he wrote his sister's husband a confidential letter and in a few days received a package containing two dozen hose and a pair of pink elastics.

After many experiments he learned how to use the pink appliances. He felt now that he could go to the church picnics and enjoy himself.

So on the second day of May he went on a picnic with the children and teachers. They were playing "Blackman" with the usual running and laughing when Mr.

Smith found that one of his pink elastics had come loose and was lying on the ground. The prettiest of the teachers had seen it at the same time and made a rush for it, but Mr. Smith reached it first. She begged him to give it to her but he put it in his pocket and walked off. She then told her confidential friends that the minister had taken part of her private property.

The scandal spread rapidly and in an hour everyone knew. That night as he was seeking his pillow, he found that both his pink elastics were in their proper place. When he discovered the mistake he had made he knew he could not be seen in Newton again.

The next morning he left, a ruined man, leaving the fatal articles that had caused his downfall behind him.

MARY BAYLESS, '23

The White Trail

"Got mit uns!" muttered the heavy blonde ober-lieutenant of the German submarine U5 as he carefully adjusted the instruments that, when released, would send an engine of destruction against the unsuspecting United States merchant vessel, the Stars and Stripes. Uncle Sam was sending supplies to the Allies and the Stars and Stripes was one of his messengers. The unsuspecting ship was about 1000 yards from the hidden monster beneath the waters. A silent cheer of triumph arose from those in the submarine as they loosed the torpedo and saw that their aim was true. But they reckoned without their foe. A lookout on the Stars and Stripes saw the white trail of foam that the torpedo always leaves behind. Quickly he signalled the engine room. The mighty ship slowed down with a suddenness that seemed impossible. The torpedo missed the bow by a good foot and went churning onward, ploughing thru the sea, now without objective, always leaving the tell tale white trail.

The lookout on the Stars and Stripes was not the only one who had seen the white trail of the torpedo. High up in the clear blue sky circled the watching British hawk. The submarine had taken desperate chances for it had attacked the United States merchantman within the British lines. Captain Donalby, observer of the British sea-plane, The Gnat, had seen the white trail. Quickly he shouted thru the telephone to the pilot:

"Did you see 'er?"

"No, where?" came from the pilot.

"Down to the left," shouted back Donalby.

The pilot, looking far beneath him, saw the lurking black shape under the clear waters. Quickly he nosed the plane down and down. Captain Donalby reached for his bombs as he neared the unsuspecting monster. The submarine can see in every direction but straight up. An attack from above is the only attack that the submarine cannot withstand. The ober-lieutenant was carefully placing another torpedo in the slides. He was taking his time. There was no hurry. The prey was within his reach and could not escape. Just as he was reaching for the releasing button—a loud crash—and then oblivion.

The sailors on the Stars and Stripes raised a cheer that could be heard for miles. The Gnat, maneuvering until she was about fifty feet above the U5, had released a bomb that had struck home. One more German menace was accounted for. The waters around where the submarine had been were dark and oily, only a faint steam showed above the spot. Captain Donalby and the pilot brought the Gnat to a graceful landing near the Stars and Stripes. A boat was sent out and they went aboard.

It is needless to say that they were received in true American style by the joyous crew. It is also unnecessary to state that if you met either Captain Donalby or the pilot several months later, your eye would be attracted to the left breasts of their coats, which were resplendent in the D. S. C.'s that they both received.

LEE HENRY GOEBEL, '22

"You'd Be Surprised"

"Why, Bob Harvel, where did you drop from?" inquired a little figure at Bob's elbow. Bob turned around in amazement. He had just arrived in Lebanon, where he had been sent as a delegate to an Epworth League Convention.

"Kathleen Mason! Holy smoke! I'd never known you if you hadn't spoken. What on earth are you walking on—stilts? Why, you used to come only to my shoulder."

"Yes, I know I used to be the smallest girl in school, but since I've become a dignified maid, I've had to grow some," replied Kathleen, with dignity. They had gone to "Prep" School together, Bob having graduated a year before Kathleen.

"I say, Kath, this is like old times, isn't it? Remember the 'conventions' we used to have at school and the time we nearly scared the dean out of his wits?" moaned Bob.

"Do I! and how we got paid for doing it, too," whispered Kathleen, with a shudder. "I still have that letter of apology that the dean sent me for keeping us out of the tennis tournament. I think he regrets it now, for that was the only year we didn't get the cup. Oh! that reminds me, I have a tennis game in fifteen minutes. Say, can't you call around at my aunt's, that's where I'm staying, either this afternoon or this evening? I'm anxious to hear the fate of some of my 'worthy' classmates, so come as soon as possible," she called back as she ran to join her friends. Bob went off whistling, calling himself a lucky chap in finding his old tennis "champ."

About four o'clock Bob started out in search of Kathleen's aunt's home. It didn't take him long to locate it, for it hadn't changed in the three years that Bob hadn't visited there. He took the steps in one leap and rang the bell. As soon as he rang the bell he observed the name "Brown" above the door. He had made a mistake! Kathleen had not told him that her aunt lived in only a part of the house and in his haste he had not noticed the names above the doors. He tried to make a dignified retreat by saying to the kind faced lady who opened the door, "Is Mr. Thompson in?" and you should have seen the look on Bob's face when she said, "Yes, come right in." Bob finally "came to" and walked in. The lady said she would call Mr. Thompson and as soon as she left the room, Bob began to worry his brains for something to say. By the appearance of the room, Bob thought the man might be wealthy and, remembering while at school he used to sell Wasco Heaters for pocket money, he thought, why not try this on his new friend, Mr. Thompson? Luckily, Bob did not have long to wait, for in about two minutes he heard footsteps on the stairs and, turning around, he encountered a familiar figure, which seemed to be bubbling over with laughter, but all Bob could think of was his Wasco Heaters and the foolish mistake he had made. Mr. Thompson seemed to be interested at once in the heater and it didn't take Bob long to convince him he needed one.

"This heater is the most wonderful thing out and I know—" but Bob said no more, for he saw Kathleen swinging down the walk dressed in "tennis togs." He wasted no time in opening the door and leaping the porch, but when he reached

Kathleen, a block farther on, he was so out of breath he could not say a word. Finally he blurted out, "Sorry I was late but I had to transact some business which kept me." Of course Kathleen assured him that it was perfectly all right with her.

That evening as they were walking home together Bob said, "Say, Kath, are you acquainted with a Mr. Thompson who lives in your aunt's house?"

"Do you mean the one who lives in the rooms with 'Brown' over the door?" cried Kathleen.

"Yep, that's him," said Bob, sheepishly.

"Honest, Bob, don't you know him?"

Bob shook his head.

"That's our dean! He shaved off his mustache the other day. No wonder you didn't know him," laughed Kathleen.

"Our dean," groaned Bob. "I wonder who sells Wasco Heaters in this town!"

DOROTHY RANDLE, '22

When the Ages Meet

"Ouija, ouija, respond to my plea;
Bring Bill Shakespeare here to me."

So chanted the soulful young poetess as her lovely hazel eyes listlessly followed the little heart-shaped board idly moving under her white, well-manicured hands.

Again she repeated this extraordinary request and then glanced hastily around for she sensed that there was another presence in the room. There beside her was the figure of a man, somewhat stoutly built and dressed in frilly old garments of a fashion long obsolete.

She started, caught her breath and leaped suddenly to her feet.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Who are you?"

"Why should you ask?" he returned in a low, even voice. "Did you not ask for me?"

"Yes, yes, I did. But I was only amusing myself. I didn't think you'd come."

"Well, I did. And since I'm here I think it would be quite appropriate for you to show me the wonders of your city. I have never been here before, you know."

"Very well," she replied calmly, for she had quite regained her equilibrium. "Where would you like to go, Mr. Shakespeare?"

"Several places," he replied.

Quickly adjusting her jaunty little hat she led the way down to the street. She opened the door of the trim little roadster, standing by the curb, and invited him to enter, but he stood staring about in awe.

"Come. We must start," she said, as she took her seat in the car. "Isn't this machine worthy of Prospero's art?"

"No," he gasped, as the machine lunged suddenly forward. "It strikes me as a creditable instrument of Sycorax."

When they had reached the region of the skyscrapers and William's neck was beginning to feel the strain of constantly gazing upward, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I am certainly glad that my day is past. I fear that had I lived at this time my characters would all have leaped off such buildings as these in the catastrophe. Say, are any of my plays showing to-day?"

"Yes, I think we can see Macbeth somewhere on Broadway, and Hamlet will be shown in the movies to-night."

"Let us go, then."

"Very well."

Arriving at the theater she secured two seats well down in the front.

After the performance her strange visitor seemed very discontented. Upon questioning him she found that he was greatly disappointed in the interpretation of his Macbeth by the actors.

"I should like to show them how to act," he exclaimed, disgustedly. "In my day such acting would have driven these would-be actors out of town."

Nevertheless his intention of attending Hamlet that evening was not to be altered. Unheeding the advice of his young friend they attended Hamlet, and then it was that his disgust became anger.

"To think that Hamlet should ever be produced by a mere machine rather than man is beyond reason! To what avail did I toil and labor on those speeches if they are to be thus disjointed and demolished even to the extent of detracting all meaning from the plot. Why, even the plot is changed. Thank heaven, I died years ago or I should be tempted to murder all producers, actors, and playwrights who thus butcher the plays of authors long dead. This world is no place for me. I must go."

Suddenly a great crash, seemingly near at hand, caused the girl to jump and open her eyes. Great was her astonishment when she realized that she was alone in her own little room. The noise had been the result of the fall of the ouija board from the table before her, while she was still in the land of dreams.

W. ALBERT HICKOX, '21

The Senior Reunion in Bagdad, 1969

The gathering had long been discussed and the night of the great event dawned clear and bright with not a star in the sky and rain pouring upward in pillow-cases—no—sheets. Arabia is a strange country.

The guests began to arrive in wheelbarrows, submarines, and airplanes; and as they dismounted at the door of Rajah Shafer's Palace they were met by a squadron of native police who searched every one for concealed weapons.

The parasols and knitted rain coats were placed under the watchful eye of a blind Hindu and the guests entered the ballroom in search of amusements.

It was a gay affair and all were garbed in gala attire. The men wore smoking jackets and lounging robes with their feet encased in house slippers; the ladies were dressed in the latest creations of fur capes and house dresses with dainty goloshes protecting their understandings. Oh! how different from the garments worn at a similar event in 1921.

As soon as the guests entered the large hall the orchestra began to play a snappy, sneaky, creepy selection known as the "Shafer Shiver." It was good. Some member of the orchestra sang the refrain which went something like this:

I am the Rajah—
Do you remember my pink slip?
Now take two steps forward,
Then back up and dip.

The orchestra was under the direction of E. Harland Moses, who kept brushing his raven locks back from his streaming brow. And further scrutiny of the individuals behind the palms brought to light the fact that the members of this group were all old friends of "'21," who had gained great honors with their musical talent. "Cupid" Hoagland was softly tapping a tom-tom and Bud Parker was coaxing

weird notes from a trombone-like instrument, while "Smithy" tossed her head wildly and vainly strove to make herself heard at the steam calliope.

Soon the music ended and a bent old man, later discovered to be Mr. Baird, arose and announced that Mr. Albert Hickox, the great Irish tenor, would render that touching selection, "The Last Cruise of the Corzine." This number was well received and if the various signs of appreciation had remained intact, "Hickey" could easily have started a "Farm Produce Emporium."

Following this demonstration the orchestra favored the assembled group with a few old songs. I know they were old for they were rotten.

Refreshments, consisting of soup and fish, were then served and the orchestra was forced to cease playing because of the opposition which arose during the time the guests were partaking of the liquid item on the menu.

During the course of the feeding several speakers arose to address the guests.

The first speaker was "Chile" Darr, who gave a lengthy address on nothing in particular but, because of his ability to speak over the heads of his audience—he stood on a step ladder—his talk was well received.

Richard Hyer, who had come from Mars to attend this gathering, then delivered an oration on the "Political States of Martian Margins." This was followed by prolonged applause.

Then the well known scientist, Frank Cohen, arose and in a brief address of two hours' duration told of his efforts to overcome gravitation. If his reports may be credited he has no weight at all and can travel thru space at will. The guests were somewhat dubious, but they applauded uproariously to conceal the ignorance of such things.

"Ed" Alexander gave a praiseworthy talk on "The Slaying of Defenseless Flies." He also explained the part which his organization of pacifists had played in the campaign to convert the mermaids recently discovered in Iceland.

This speech brought the gathering to a close and soon the guests were speeding homeward in their various types of conveyances, to get ready for the next reunion which is to be held in Arnold, Illinois, next December.

EUGENE DARR, '21

Our Last Day in the Toy Shop

"Oh, mercy! such a dreary life," drawled the beautiful French doll in the glass case. "But it won't be for long. You see I've been tagged; that means some one has bought me. and I've a feeling in my sawdust bones that something exciting will happen before long."

"Why, I'm tagged, too. Do you really think it means we've been sold?" inquired a timid Shoebottom Sue in the corner.

"Of course, you silly child," returned the French doll. "But I shouldn't expect you to know any better; you've been here such a short time. Now I've been standing in this glass case for four years, and really, friends, I'm so tired I shall be glad to have my little mistress put me to bed."

"And who do you think has bought you?" asked little Red Riding Hood.

Oh, I'm sure it's that lovely lady that was in here this morning." The French doll bobbed her long, black curls emphatically. "She looked at me for ever so long, so I had an excellent chance to size her up. I couldn't hear all she said, through this glass, but I heard her comment on my beauty and say something about she knew I would do, so I felt sure she wanted me."

"Oh, my, it must be nice to go and live in a nice home," sighed Red Riding

Hood. "I haven't been here so long as you have, but I'm tired of the place, anyway."

"If only they would get rid of that girl that sells us," this from the Eskimo, "she handles me around as if I were a stuffed animal. It hurts my pride," and he straightened his furry shoulders and peered down the aisle.

"Everybody seems to be crazy over me," spoke up Shoebutton Sue. "I've had more attention paid me the last week than any of you."

"Well, I can't see what they're so crazy over you for," said the French doll. "It must be because you're such an oddity. Think of having shoebuttons for eyes and darning cotton for hair! Oh, my, it's preposterous!"

"Well, you needn't be so stuck up about your looks," blurted out poor Sue, "if you had been so terribly attractive you wouldn't have been here for four years. I've only been here three weeks, and I'm tagged as soon as you are."

"Oh, but who would buy you? I'm sure someone like my mistress would not want you," and the French doll cast a scornful glance at Sue. My little mistress is a beautiful and sweet child, and I know she lives in a lovely home where I can enjoy all the modern conveniences."

"Huh, you needn't think you can lord it over us," scoffed the soldier boy. "I bet you my sword that I belong to that cute little kid that came by here. Didn't ya see how he fingered me and begged his mamma to buy me? And 'nen she came back later without him and they tagged me. Oh, you won't have nearly as good a time as I will. I shall fight battles and bring fame upon my master. You shall read headlines in the newspapers about my bravery. Oh, I tell ya, I shall *live* after I once get out of this cage. I feel like ramming my sword through it now. But that would never do; a soldier must never move until he has orders."

"Well, I'm sure I shall find my home pleasant," said Sue, her shoebutton eyes sparkling, in spite of past remarks. "The young lady who bought me said she was crazy about me; thought I was so cute, and she knew Mary (that's whom she's going to send me to) would fall in love with me at first sight."

"Well, it must be blind love, then," replied the French doll. "Of course I don't mean to hurt your feelings, deary," she hastened to explain. "I want you all to think well of me, as long as I'm going away, and I should hate for you to carry away any bad impressions, too. You'll have to overlook my remarks. I suppose I'm getting a little nervous, now that the time of farewell is drawing so near. Oh, oh, there comes the girl with boxes and wrapping paper. Really, I feel as if I should burst into tears. This parting is really quite touching."

"Well, here's hoping you find your life as happy as you're expecting it. Ouch! That girl doesn't realize I've got feelings. She grabs me as though she were afraid I'd run away. Mercy, how she's mussing my suit. So long, friends," and the glass door shut on the tin soldier's last remark.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, '22

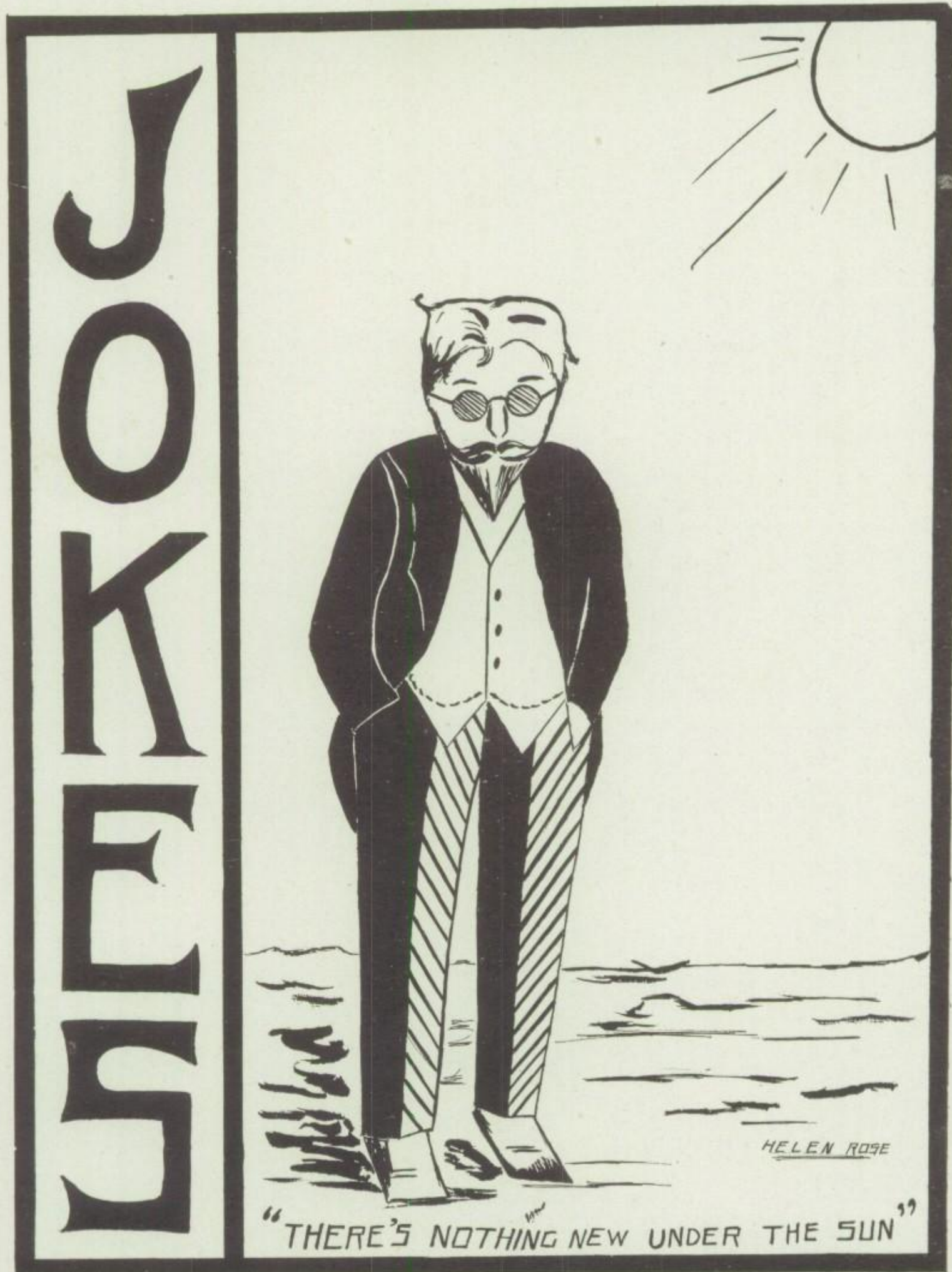
Did Skelton assassinate Henry VII,
Or did Henry execute John?
She'll soon be asking if we studied late,
Oh, please let's hurry on.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and Earl of Surrey
To which do we owe the most?
Oh, forget them both and downtown do hurry
And pick up an Evening Post.

"Utopia," short for land of nowhere,
Oh, why must we remember?
They loom up before us like big black bears,
To be captured by next September.

Shakespeare and Marlowe, Sidney and Spencer,
Oh, what do we owe to these?
How did their writings pass the censors,
The Junior class to freeze.

CATHERINE K. WILSON



Any Day

A Morality Play

By R. V. Hyer

CAST

STUDENT
HUMOR
LAZINESS
PEP
INDIFFERENCE
SLEEP
FACULTY

Nobody
FEAR
INTEREST
CONCENTRATION
CONSCIENCE
TEMPTATION
BLUFF

ACT I

Student slowly sits up in bed. Sleep, who is bent over him, slowly withdraws and disappears through door just as Student opens his eyes. Laziness comes in and forces Student to lie down again and calmly sits on his chest.

STUDENT: Get off my chest, Laziness, you big stiff. I must get up. It is seven-thirty now.

LAZINESS: Oh! go to Sleep. You have plenty of time and I am pleasant company.

STUDENT: But Sleep has gone and anyway I can not find him. Sleep must come to me. I do wish you would let me get up.

(Pep bounds in through open window as breeze blows curtain to one side and seizes Laziness by the shoulders, dragging him from the bed. Laziness falls heavily and arises with very pained expression. Pep gives him a shove towards corner of room.)

PEP: Away with you, Laziness, Harbinger of Poverty, we see too much of you, anyway. You are always loitering near in wait for an opportunity to insinuate yourself into some one's company.

(Laziness slowly limps to corner and sits huddling against wall with cloak drawn close about him.)

STUDENT: Hello, Pep, I am certainly glad to see you. Your little act of assistance was just what I needed.

(Pep yanks Student out of bed. He jumps into his clothes whistling cheerily. Student and Pep briskly walk out through door. Laziness stretches and settles into more comfortable position.)

LAZINESS: Pep may have the upper hand now but I have a card or two up my sleeve. That pile of books on Student's desk ought to finish that bouncing idiot for this morning at any rate.

(Pep and Student enter room. Laziness huddles against wall.)

STUDENT: That was a good breakfast. Now I feel like work.

PEP: You always have a good appetite and feel like working when I am around.

(Student busies himself picking up clothes and straightening things. Pep follows him around lending a helping hand. Student pauses in front of desk and sees pile of books. Laziness quietly gets up and beckons toward door. Indifference comes in. Laziness and Indifference step between Student and Pep.)

"Girls say 'no' and mean 'yes.'"

The Crimson J '21

LAZINESS: Ye Gods, look at that pile of books. The blooming things are nothing but a nuisance.

STUDENT: They are most certainly a great bother.

(Pep tries to reach Student but Laziness and Indifference hold him back. At last he turns and slowly walks out with dejected air. As Pep passes out Fear comes in and approaches Student.)

FEAR: My good fellow, it behooves you to open them and go to work. Remember those report cards. Faculty is not as lenient as of old.

(Student slowly sits down at desk but just at this point Indifference pushes Fear to one side.)

INDIFFERENCE: Let those books rest in peace. We will go up town and find Bluff. With his help you can fool old Faculty to-day.

(Laziness and Indifference try to lift Student from chair but Fear tries to prevent them. Fear is losing but at this juncture Conscience comes in to aid Fear.)

STUDENT: This is a fright, I don't have any peace with all of you fellows pulling and jerking me so. If some of you don't go away I'll, I'll———

(Humor comes in and forcing his way to Student and tapping him on shoulder attracts his attention.)

HUMOR: Cheer up, my lad, you must stand for some of them or you will be fussing with them forever. And if you do that you will fall prey to that malady, anger, and believe me it is a most disagreeable affliction.

STUDENT: Very well put, Humor, I believe you must be closely related to Common Sense. Which course would you follow?

HUMOR: Well, speaking for my relative, Common Sense, I should follow the advice of Conscience and Fear. I feel sure that Pep will return to help you also.

(Pep returns. Pep and Conscience with Humor's help push Laziness and Indifference away. They shuffle off, arguing in low tones among themselves. An occasional, "It's your fault," and "It isn't either," being audible. In a few minutes Interest and Concentration come in and throw their cloaks over Student. Satisfaction comes in and perches on foot of bed, beaming contentedly on all. Fear turns and walks away.)

FEAR (to himself): My presence is no longer needed and as I am not a very pleasant companion under any circumstances, I may as well leave.

SATISFACTION (softly): "For it's always fair weather, when good fellows get together."

Curtain

ACT II

(Student sits in Civics class. Satisfaction sits with him, one arm thrown across his shoulders. Humor, Fear, Temptation and Bluff are seen in the back ground perfectly quiet and motionless. Faculty is addressing class.)

FACULTY: I believe I shall have one of you explain the city manager plan. Student, will you please do so?

STUDENT: That is the plan of local government whereby an expert manager of city affairs is appointed and given charge of everything by the council. This plan increases efficiency and locates a definite responsible head.

FACULTY: Quite correct, Student. Very well done.

HUMOR: Yes, well done, not rare or over done.

FACULTY: The time is too limited to question each of you personally so you will please write the answers to a few questions.

(Faculty puts question on board. Student writes diligently until he has answered all but the last.)

The Crimson J '21

SATISFACTION: Soup, my lad, nothing to it.

HUMOR: Yes, soup, but there's many a slip twixt soup bowl and lip.

(Student reads last question and while thus occupied Fear comes forward, followed by Temptation. Satisfaction leaves Student and stands behind Faculty.)

STUDENT: Great Scott, I don't know a thing about that question. This is a fine mess.

HUMOR: Yes, a mell of a hess.

FEAR: You are liable to flunk this test if you can't answer that question. What shall we do?

TEMPTATION (in a whisper): You might look in the book, you know.

FEAR: Yes, and get caught cribbing.

TEMPTATION: But it is the only way you can answer it.

FEAR: That is right, too. I should hate to see you fail.

STUDENT: Gee Whiz, I don't know what to do. *(Fear counsels first one thing and then another and Temptation is a strong arguer, too.)*

HUMOR: Say, if you are going to do anything you had better get busy or the period will end before you are through. Faculty would die of shock if you answered all the questions correctly and such a horrible injury to the school must be avoided at any cost. Here is Bluff and I'll find Pep in a minute. Get busy.

(Humor opens door and calls Pep. Pep comes in and he and Bluff bend over Student, whispering. Student writes furiously for a few minutes and finally sits back with a deep sigh. A bell rings.)

Curtain

ACT III

(Student sits in study hall. Laziness is sitting with him. Humor is just across the aisle and Fear sits a few seats in the rear. Temptation leans against the wall.)

STUDENT (to Laziness): It is too hot and stuffy in here. I feel more like dozing than working. But then I never feel like working when you are near. Thank goodness, this is the last period.

LAZINESS: Well, I dare say you will be able to stand the terrible ordeal of my company.

HUMOR: He may survive, but I'll bet his grades don't if that bag of wind hangs around

(Student starts as he sees an open note book on desk in front of him. An outline that he needs is plainly visible.)

TEMPTATION: Just the thing. The Gods are kind, Student. Help yourself.

STUDENT: What luck!

FEAR: Watch your step, Faculty has an eye on you.

HUMOR: That isn't all that Faculty has on you.

(A dark robed figure comes slowly down the aisle and pauses beside Student.)

STUDENT: Nevertheless, I believe I shall use it. Who cares, I am sure I don't.

DARK ROBED FIGURE: Nobody cares.

STUDENT: Who are you?

NOBODY: Nobody.

STUDENT: This is nobody's business. Mind your own affairs.

NOBODY: It is Nobody's business.

"A great sweet silence."—SECOND PERIOD S. H.



What



Here?



Have



We



The Crimson J '21

STUDENT: Why do you bother me then?

NOBODY: Nobody bothers you.

STUDENT: You are awfully clever, aren't you?

NOBODY: Nobody is awfully clever.

HUMOR: This is my idea of a one-sided argument, arguing with Nobody.

STUDENT: Oh, go chase yourself.

NOBODY: Nobody can chase himself.

STUDENT: Go do it then.

NOBODY: Nobody can chase himself.

HUMOR: Help! Help!

STUDENT (smiling): It is impossible to argue with Nobody, and as Nobody cares, perhaps I had better not use the notebook.

HUMOR: Nobody has accomplished much.

NOBODY: I thank you.

(Nobody slowly walks away and Pep comes bounding in.)

PEP: I heard of your predicament and I came to urge that you do your work yourself. I will help you.

(Laziness shuffles away. Pep and Student get to work. In a few moments Interest and Concentration enter and throw their cloaks over Student. Satisfaction comes and perches on radiator and smiles his approval. All remain in same position a few moments longer until bell rings.)

STUDENT: Hurrah! It's over at last, Nobody knows how long it has been.

(Nobody has meanwhile strolled in again and is standing beside Student.)

NOBODY: Nobody knows. It is a secret.

STUDENT (belligerently): Some day Nobody is going to get hurt.

NOBODY: Happy day!

HUMOR (laughing): Blessings on thee, my children, may we all meet again "Any day."

(All pass out slowly but Nobody who strikes an attitude with one hand upraised.)

NOBODY: Nobody knows the truth in this. Nobody will follow the kindly advice. Nobody wishes to be a model scholar. Nobody will be one. Who will follow Nobody's example? Nobody.

Curtain

FINIS

WUNHU NOZE



"And ye shall give unto him the first of your dough."—THE BUSINESS MANAGER

The Crimson J '21

Sandberg: What became of the girl you made love to last summer in the hammock?
Sanders: Oh, we fell out.

Genie Woodman: That was a grand game Thanksgiving day, but how do you suppose they ever get all the dirt off those boys?

Dode Farrell: Silly, what do you suppose the Scrub team is for?

Helen M.: Doesn't she look like Helen Green?

Nellis S.: That doesn't look like green to me.

Pupil (coming from principal's office): What 'e think? The principal asked me three times where my hat was and it was right there on my head all the time.

Roy Corrington (in Modern History): When England was under the interdict the pope stopped all marriages, births and deaths for a year.

Betty Palmer: Triangles are of three kinds, the equilateral or three-sided, quadrilateral or four-sided, and the multilateral or polyglot.

Gob: I sent some jokes to you for the annual. Did you carry out any of my ideas?

Dick: What do you think I am? I'm not a janitor carrying out rubbish.

Charlie Hopper (to Shafer): I don't think I deserve zero on this paper.

Shafer: Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark there is.

How many sexes are there?

Three.

What are they?

Male sex, female sex, and insects.



"Happiest of the happy."

The Crimson J '21

Mr. Baird: What do Seniors say all the time?
J. Hackett: I don't know.
Shafer (nearly): Correct.

TO THE FRESHMEN

Our work is quite rhetorical,
Our facts are categorical,
Our efforts oratorical,
And we hope we've lent our aid

To reach fame's elevation
With rapid propagation,
May there be no deviation
From the path we've for you laid.

—The Seniors

Smile and the world smiles with you,
Kick and you kick alone;
For the cheerful grin will let you in
Where the kicker is never known.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S TRAGEDY

He hovered about her the whole evening, but she constantly repulsed his advances.
At last in desperation he was about to leave her when a flutter of her fan exposed her beautiful throat. It gleamed silvery white in the ethereal moonlight.
Casting caution to the four winds and becoming oblivious to her desire to avoid him, he threw himself upon her.
In a minute he lay dead at her feet—poor little mosquito.

Miss Russel: What sort of a word is the word egg?
Warren H.: A noun.
Miss R.: Good! and what gender?
Warren: Why, no one can tell until it hatches.

Ed. Alex.: Have you a minute to spare?
Jackie Benson: Sure.
Ed.: Tell me all you know.

Yeckie: Why does a blush creep up a maiden's cheek?
Carl S.: Because if it went up any faster it would kick up the dust.

High School bred is sometimes a four-year loaf.

Miss M.: Does the earth rise to meet a falling apple?
Bill: I have heard people who drank hard cider say that.

"A three ring circus."—FOURTH PERIOD ANCIENT HISTORY CLASS



The Crimson J '21

Miss Rossiter: I will instruct you in this problem. Look at the board and I will run quickly through it.

Full many a gem of purest way serene,
The dark unfathomed depths of ocean bear;
Full many a sawed off, shrimpish freshie green
May raise a lofty pampadour with care.

PLUCK

The boy stood on the football field
For just about a minute,
And then they called the ambulance
And put his fragments in it.
They lugged him to the hospital
And served him up with care;
And when they played a game next day,
Behold! that boy was there!

You remind me of one of Whitman's poems.
Which one?
Oh, anyone—the feet are all mixed up in all of them.

Teacher: Tommy, do you remember when shingles first came into use?
Tom: I think when I was five or six.

Gene D.: Do you know that Harding has a new ship?
Dick: No, has he?
Gene: Uh huh, ship of state.
Dick: Say, Gene, how can a ship of state be a national boat?

SPARTAN

He stood in the pale wintry moonlight with nothing on but an old plug hat and a few rags. The wind whistled about him and sifted the fine flakes about his feet. But he did not move, he did not even shiver. His jet black eyes gleamed dully against his white, set face. In the morning the children would find him and tear him to pieces. Oh, cruel fate! He was a snow man.

Small Boy (peering over counter): How much are those oranges?
Shopkeeper: Five cents apiece.
Boy: How much would a whole one be?

Ollie (thoughtfully): What are those glass things on the telephone poles for?
Ruth R.: Mirrors for the birds, silly!

"Liberty Bell."—THE LAST BELL.



The Crimson J '21

THE ALL-STATE MENTAL LIGHTWEIGHTS

Line-up

R. E.....	Bud Parker
L. E.....	F. Corrington
R. T.....	F. Cohen
L. T.....	Bud Struck
R. G.....	C. Sandberg
L. G.....	F. McCarthy
C.....	L. H. Goebel
Q. B.....	L. Perbix
F. B.....	W. Hoagland
L. H.....	D. Hyer
R. H.....	E. Darr

We have had the judges select this ideal lightweight team, although we realize the impossibility of having a team approved by all, especially since there were so many candidates for the team's various positions.

The ends are covered by Parker and Corrington. Both are very fast and go down well under punts, especially if they are high balls.

At tackle we have Cohen and Struck. These men got their positions, we suppose, because the editor owes each a bill and hopes they will cancel them. The latter, Struck, tackles anything that comes along.

For guards we have Sandberg and McCarthy. Sandberg has rosebud lips and consequently the position. McCarthy's curly hair should make him a strong favorite for the other job.

In our opinion Goebel is the man for center rush. He has rushed up on State street all season and has centered one nearly every day.

Perbix and Alexander were close contestants for the position that Perbix holds, but the latter one, as he never was known to give a quarter back, holds it.

At full, the palm goes to Hoagland. He is a good plunger (we once saw him lose fifteen cents). It has been objected that he is not full all the time but this objection is not serious enough to warrant consideration.

For halves we have put forward Hyer and Darr. Both are fast and versatile. Hyer dances well and is great at forward passes, doing both gracefully. Darr is back in the way of studies and is a star on knocking them cold. In addition they are both strong draw backs. Darr kicks on everything—a great kicker.

Here is a classy bunch of players. They get away well with jokes and their faces would stop anything.

"But break my heart, if I must hold my tongue."—HARRY FURRY.



Some Class!



L.P.



Fishing — For What?



"Weird" Bunch



"Careful"



Who?



Smiles



More Scandal



A Bathing Beauty



Hikers



Two-?



"Smithie"



Some "Housewives"



"Whops" My Dear



Pals!

LIFE

Where is the life that I long for,
Where is the life for me?
Will I find it down by the seashore,
Or over the rolling sea?
At last I have found a slight clue
Of the life we all have seen.
Why, silly, the answer's before you,
Life is a magazine.

JUNIORS' SONG

The Senior's time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints just as big as theirs.

He sailed out one evening
To call on a State street Miss,
And when he reached the destination
this.

like
steps
the
up
Ran

The old man met him at the door,
He did not see the Miss,
He'll not go to see her any more
For

he
went
down
like
this.



BRUTE

She smiled at him fearlessly from where she nestled at his feet. This great strong man that stood beside her, frail, fragile, thing.

He was about to spurn her with his foot, but with a brutal motion he jerked her from where she rested.

Pressing her face to his he inhaled the sweet perfume of her.
Violets were his favorite flower.

AVIATION

He swooped, he darted, banked and hovered. There was nothing he could not do. He nearly frightened her to death.

At times he swooped so close that his droning hum seemed to roar in her ears. He darted so near that she fled screaming.

At last his dare deviltry betrayed him. He crashed into her.

But she did not die, she was merely stung. Those horrid bumble bees.

"Companions who converse and waste the time together."

—MARGUERITA SCHOEDESACK AND CLARENCE INGRAM

The Crimson J '21



The Crimson J '21

(Thelma arguing with Frank C.)
Miss Russel: Back your arguments.
Thelma: Well, I was just merely disagreeing with what Frank said.

Shafer: Your explanation is about as clear as mud.

Gene: Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

Mr. Carter: Name a color that will not bleach.
Gob: White.

Emma B.: The Agean world is the Mediteranean sea and the Islands around it.

J. H.: These people were originally shepherds and flocks.

Shafer: If you can't get a problem, grab a root and growl.

Freshie: My foot is asleep.
Miss Sophomore: There's an alarm clock.

Teacher: Order, please.
Pupil: Ice cream and cake.

Lavinia S.: I read this twenty years ago.

It was three days before Christmas
And all thru the class,
Every creature was talking
And I thought none would pass.

—Miss Randolph



Ed. Alexander: When I graduate I shall step into a position of 20,000 per.
Jackie B.: Per what?
Ed.: Perhaps!

Miss Met-ner: How many zones are there?
Ollie: Two—one male and one female. The male can be temperate or intemperate, and the female can be frigid or torrid.

(Found in Sophomore Diary): Lavinia S. smiled at James P. to-day in class.

You'd be surprised how many people can't read or write in one county. Where?
Miss Randolph: Where I come from.

"We are fools."—Those who didn't purchase a "J."

The Advertiser

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold
The praises of my wares I sound,
Prosperity is my estate;
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous
Surging flow.
They buy my goods and come again
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate,
I'm an advertiser great!

There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day
The people come,
The people go,
But never there.
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies
Because he does not advertise!
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.

The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state
Too many tradesmen learn too late,
If I have goods, I advertise,
Then people come
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly, I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

—Eugene Field

"We labor and have no rest."—THE STAFF.

The Crimson J '21

The Senior Class of '21 wishes to express its deep appreciation for the support which the following have given the Crimson J. Read their ads and patronize them, for they are all boosters and have made this book possible.

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Mollenbrok & McCullough
Jacksonville Journal
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Waddell & Co.
Illinois College
H. J. & L. M. Smith
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Ye Booke Shoppe
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Andre & Andre
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That greets our eyes whene'er we chance to
pass,
That calls to mind the times that our dear
class
Spent in the old school, while the beaming
ray
Of erudition dally changed our way.
But never shall we gather in a mass
And enter thee as one, the Senior Class,
For thou wilt not be done for many a day.

But yet, why should we murmur and lament
And show our longing in this open style,
For there is naught in life but we may smile
And, having smiled, there's nothing to re-
pent.
But vain regret can never helpful be
And cheerful smiles can show our love for
thee.

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Emma: No, I'm not.

Miss R.: What are you chewing then, your imagination?

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A SENIOR

I was a little freshie
And was always very gay,
Until the weeks did roll around
To examination day.

Then I did twist and squirm about,
My face grew very thin,
For I knew my knowledge did not go
Beyond the outer skin.

I did not do so very well,
But somehow I got through;
It encouraged me to work and toil
Some greater thing to do.

At last I was a Junior proud
Then I knew I had to work,
And somehow I did not even try
The lessons hard to shirk.

I passed right through until I got
A Senior, high, to be;
How proud I am that I am not
An ignorant little Fresh—ee!

And now the hard old grind is past,
The victory is plainly won;
I'm glad, yet sorry, that I'm through
And in the Class of '21.

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TIME TO GO

If she wants to play or sing,
It's time to go;
If o'er your watch she's ling'ring,
It's time to go;
If she wants your signet ring,
Frat house pin, everything;
It's time to go.

If the parlor clock strikes two,
It's time to go;
If her father drops a shoe,
It's time to go;
If she sweetly says to you,
"Stay a little longer, do!"
Get your hat and then skiddoo—
It's time to go.

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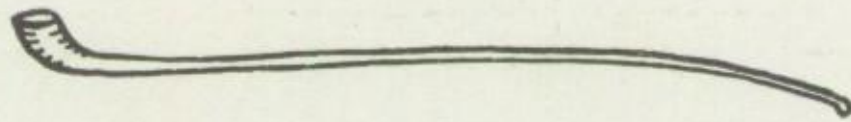
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Printers of Annuals
Galesburg, Illinois



Autographs

Alma Kinter: Don't forget the at. rule.
 Hazel M. Becker. Will you forget the tin can chase?
 Will you forget Polished Pebbles? My future Sister-in-law
 Helen L. Long "Hang on to your shoes." May 1, 1921
 Mary E. Hembrough "When you are old and cannot see
 Kathryn C. Morris - "Go Feather your Nest" - Up to Inn
 Margaret Miller '23 "Margie" - "Cho. Cho. Sweet Man
 Nina Wiley "Bob" '23
 Loinette Cully '23 "Joy" or "Bobby"
 Dorothy Shindler "Dot Deane" '23
 Fern Potter '23 "Fanny"
 Katherine Lewis '23 "Kathie"
 Irene Hamel '23 "Bill"
 Grace Boddy '24 "Baby Vamp"
 Louise E. Middleton '23 "Erie"
 Dorothy P. Ellis '24 "Dost"
 Margaret Struck '24 "Maggie"
 Vera Todd '24 "Foddie"
 Lucille Riggs '24 "Reekus"
 Vivian A. Carhle - Both after one - May 6
 Martha W. Holley '24
 Ruth Cox "Rufus" '23
 Evalina L. Ferreira '24
 Louise Gorman '24
 Lelia Ruth Edelbrock '23 "Bud" A. J. S.

Autographs

Violet B. Barber '23 "Liz"
Gertrude E. Decker. "Dutch" '23 Oh! you
Orion! May 5, 1921.
Julia Holmes 22 (Julie)
Margaret Curtis' 24 (Marg)
Maurine Bradley '24 "We love her still
and stiller do better."
Gertrude Tompkins '23
Martha Wessler. 23.
Helen L. Elliott '24 "Remember me"
Alice Ruth Larimore '21 "None can compass more than
they intend"

Bow Wow THATS ALL!



